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SOME ASPECTS OF BALZAC.

THE nineteenth century—or rather the last three-quarters of the century—was above all preceding ages the age of disillusionment. None of the great ages of the world has failed to give expression to its sense of tears in mortal things, and the works which express most completely and profoundly the spirit of each great epoch—such works as the “Oedipus Rex,” the “Aeneid,” the “Divine Comedy,” “Hamlet,” or “Paradise Lost”—are filled with the burden of the mystery. And yet, after all, on contrasting with the great works I have mentioned, with their tragical conceptions, those other great works which reflect most fully the thought and life of the century just closed—namely, its novels—we feel that here is something even worse; that while we have got rid of the mystery we yet have kept the burden. One might say that the difference of impression produced by these works as compared with those of former ages is in a very large measure the difference between poetry and prose, and yet such a statement does not really advance the solution of the problem; for it still remains to be asked, Why should the nineteenth century—at least in England and France—have preferred to discuss its tragedies in prose? The question may of course be raised as to how far the tone of its literature renders the real feeling of the masses of men in the nineteenth century, whether a spirit of discontent with life and what it has to offer was really more prevalent in that century than in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for example. If we include in our consideration all classes of society, the question is, indeed, a difficult one, although the indications

would seem to require us to return an affirmative answer. But as regards the upper classes—those classes whose voice we may fairly be said to catch in the literature of the time—there can be no doubt. The leaven of bitterness in “Vanity Fair,” and of pessimism in “Romola” came from the great store of these things which nineteenth century society had engendered.

As regards the explanation of this change which came over the spirit of the century, I suppose that the causes which have been most insisted on are indeed those which operated with most force. First of all, as has been often said, the advance of the natural sciences and the consequent quickening of invention opened to men in general means hitherto unknown of improving their material condition. The minds of all classes were directed more intensely than ever before to merely material objects, and the pursuit thus begun brought with it all the bitterness of envy which attends class and individual rivalry. Moreover, the methods of the natural sciences profoundly influenced those of historical studies, with the result that the bases of the tranquillity which rests on faith were shaken in the minds of many of the leaders of thought of the time and of those under their influence.

But whatever may have been the causes of the change, a distinct wave of pessimism passed over European literature in the nineteenth century, and in no country was this so early apparent or so lasting as in France. Confining our attention to fiction (and thus, strictly speaking, excluding “Obermann”), one may say perhaps that this spirit of bitterness and arid discontent is first visible in the “Adolphe” of Benjamin Constant (published in 1816), a psychological novel, and the earliest, it is said, to give an elaborate picture of disillusionment in love. Balzac, however, is the first great writer to exhibit in a multitude of forms and with the force which belongs to a genius of the highest order the spirit of the new age. His earliest works antedate the thunders of Carlyle, and he had nearly finished mixing his potions of bitterness before Thackeray offered to the world

in "Vanity Fair" a cup with the same ingredients, though in a more diluted form.

But to the English-speaking reader what gives its peculiar character to the pessimism of the century as it appears in French literature in contrast with other literatures is its occurrence there along with a certain moral vacuity, which is not only shocking to men of English race, but is quite as incomprehensible to them as it is shocking. However repulsive, though, may be to us this moral vacuity, the really ominous thing for the future of France is that, for the first time in these latter days, we find that vacuity in just this conjunction with the spirit of pessimism; for at no time in its long history have modern English standards of morality in the sexual relations been current in France, and yet no nation of Europe has exhibited through so many centuries a more buoyant vitality. In illustration of what I have said, take the earliest love poetry written within the bounds of modern France, the earliest indeed of modern Europe—namely, the poetry of Provence, belonging for the most part to the twelfth century—and we find the whole body of this verse, which often glows with passion, addressed without exception by the poets to the wives of other men. And so it is with the great body of mediæval fiction, both in verse and prose. The stories of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristram and Iseult, essentially creations of mediæval France, are stories of adultery, and the original romances set forth the offenses against morality of their heroes and heroines always with an absence of sympathy, and often with a remorseless contempt for the deceived husbands, which one would never suspect from the treatment of the same legends by the moral English poets of the nineteenth century. And what is true of these greater works of fiction is true of all the rest, and in even larger measure of another characteristic branch of literature in mediæval France, the "Fabliaux." I might illustrate the same thing of later ages. It is least conspicuous in the great classic age of French literature, the age of Louis XIV; but certainly in the following century the gayety of "Gil Blas" is not hampered by the

observance of decorum, and Rousseau, on the very threshold of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," warns the world that his book is one which no pure girl could read and remain pure. But the voice of immorality is feeble indeed in these great works as compared with the same voice as it speaks through other works of the eighteenth century, less exalted as to their place in literature, but perhaps as widely read, such as the "Amours de Faublas," or Diderot's "Religieuse," to say nothing of those productions of an insane sensuality, the novels of the Marquis de Sade.

It will be seen, then, from this brief survey that the blindness to the moral standards certainly theoretically and in a large measure practically governing the relations of the sexes with us, which has become so familiar to us through the novels of nineteenth century France, is no new thing in that country, and indeed has, to a certain extent, been characteristic of its history in every period. The pessimism, however, which is now associated with this blindness *is* new, and on it there has followed an enfeeblement of the will which has occasioned, if we are to believe contemporary French literature, an even wider extension of the ravages of sexual immorality, and indeed has deteriorated, it would seem, the whole moral fiber of the French people. No doubt the reason that this pessimism, which to a certain degree is observable in the thought of all European countries during the nineteenth century, went deeper in France than anywhere else is that, in addition to the influences which were at work elsewhere, we have in this country those other influences to consider which were set loose by the rending of the whole framework of government and society from top to bottom through the events of the French Revolution. French society by those events was cut adrift from the solid, stable land, and even down to our own day can hardly be said to have found safe moorings. All these influences were beginning to manifest themselves with force at the time when Balzac began to write, and they continued to operate throughout the nineteenth century; but their effects were naturally most profound after the national consciousness of

France had received its most terrible shock from the disasters of 1870-71. Both the gloom and the immorality of the situations presented deepen after that time. By the side of Zola, Huysmans, and de Maupassant in his more tragical stories Balzac seems hardly to have mastered the A B C of pessimism and the art of presenting sexual immorality. There is something to be said on the other side in this comparison, but for the present we have to deal with Balzac alone.

The term "realism" has come to be so associated in French literature with pictures of life in its more immoral aspects that it is hard for us, in thinking of that literature, to dissociate these two things. Yet the spectacle of our own great realists, Thackeray and Dickens, shows us that that connection is not a necessary one, and indeed it is only fair to Balzac to say that the same thing is shown in many of his own works, though hardly the most powerful. Little prominence is given to these aspects of life in several of the stories which deal with provincial society, such as "Eugénie Grandet" and the "Médecin de Campagne." But it is as the earliest of the realists—unless we except Stendhal—and as one of the greatest that Balzac first claims our attention. Now, the great merit of this method of realism in fiction was that it meant an effort to present fully, truthfully, and with convincing detail a picture of just those manifestations of life and character which we are best qualified to comprehend and reproduce—namely, the manifestations of contemporary life and character. After all is said, this form of fiction has a sounder basis of sincerity than that which deals with a remote past. Any attempt, however, to depict contemporary life will of necessity be largely realistic; and so, for example, we have realism in abundance in the novels of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson; but the incidents even in Richardson, the most realistic of the three, are, to say the least, exceptional, and in both Fielding and Smollett there are two elements which separate their works from those of the modern realists: First, the large part that farce plays in them; and, secondly, the convention inherited

from Spain and so frequently employed by which the hero is set on his travels, in order to go through a certain series of adventures. But, after all, what distinguishes the nineteenth century realists from their predecessors, besides the elimination of farce more particularly, is their infinitely greater depth and range of emotional sympathy, and perhaps as a corollary to this the prodigious development in their works of the faculty of observation which has gone hand in hand with the development of the scientific faculty in general during the nineteenth century. To take only our English realists, the difference between Fielding and Thackeray is obvious when one contrasts the immense variety of character and situation in the works of the latter with the relative poverty of the former in these matters, or, still further, when one observes in the later writer in the development of the leading characters a variety of emotional experience to which there is nothing comparable in his eighteenth century master.

In obedience, then, to the growing scientific spirit of the time the nineteenth century realists set themselves to depict contemporary life with a fullness and fidelity which no preceding writers of fiction had even aimed at. In obedience to the same spirit, they eschew the charms which the imagination has the power to confer, as we see in Scott, or even Rousseau, with his eloquent idealization of passion; but the same scientific spirit which determined their aims has introduced into modern life through a higher organization of the restraining forces in society an order, a uniformity greater than had ever been known before. A faithful picture of nineteenth century life certainly presents fewer incidents to excite the imagination than would probably have been the case with the picture of any past age, or at least of any that has yielded a body of literature of anything like the same magnitude and value. Whatever, then, might be the gain attendant on the new method, there was bound to be a sacrifice of romantic appeal, and in general of the qualities which express themselves most frankly and perfectly in verse. Both the method and the society described conspire to pro-

duce that result. The gain, however, is in fullness of characterization and psychological depth; for, to illustrate by concrete examples what has already been stated in general terms, who would compare in just these particulars Parson Adams or even Jeannie Deans, firm and distinct in outline as these admirable figures are, with Colonel Newcome or Tito Melema?

In citing examples of realism, I have drawn my instances from the English realists, since their works are naturally those with which English-speaking readers are best acquainted; and one is justified in this, because in the fundamental matters of method which I have mentioned Thackeray and Balzac belong together. It should not be forgotten, however, that Balzac preceded Thackeray, so that whatever credit attaches to priority in a method which was inevitable belongs to him. One may well ask, however, if these two great writers are similar in method, how is it that the impression they produce is so widely different? In the first place, one may as well frankly confess that Thackeray is vastly the superior of Balzac in the thing to which they both applied themselves most intently—namely, characterization. The very size of the canvases employed by the former gives room for a fullness of characterization which cannot be offset by the close analytical method of Balzac within narrower limits. The Englishman, moreover, moves in this province of his art with a coolness and instinctive sureness, a freedom from exaggeration, which we may never expect of the Celt. Balzac, moreover, is not a master of dialogue, and description takes a larger place in his method of characterization than the more dramatic device. One might cite many other divergences connected with the widely different personalities of the two men; but, after all, the greatest difference between them—realists as both were, and touched alike with the bitterness of their time—is that the one is the spokesman of French sentiment and society and the other of English. It is this, first of all, which explains the different moral atmosphere as regards the relation of the sexes in their respective works, and it is the moral atmosphere of

Balzac's books in regard to this matter which more than anything else chills the sympathies of English readers. It is not that there runs through his works any cynical encouragement of what we regard as immoral tendencies, but that the question of morality or immorality in sexual relations seems hardly to occur to him. One may say, indeed, that in the French writers generally there seems to be no consciousness of the moral degradation of illicit love, and even where we have a tragical issue to the adulterous relation, as in Flaubert's "*Madame Bovary*," to cite only one example, it is the tragedy of satiety and the bitterness that goes with it rather than of the self-disgust that attends profound moral deterioration. It must be acknowledged that in this respect Balzac is even further removed from the sympathies of English-speaking readers than most of the other great French novelists. Flaubert, in the novel I have mentioned, at least expresses a portion of what we conceive to be the truth, and Zola, although the situations he presents are immeasurably coarser than any in Balzac and although we can hardly credit him with a purely ethical purpose, has at any rate an insight into the moral pathology of adultery and merely sensual love in general which enables him to measure more justly according to our view the dangers of the disease. I have little doubt that it was the shock of the "*Débâcle*"—the collapse of Sedan and Metz—that led him to scrutinize with the eye of a physician if not of a moralist more closely than his predecessors had done the ills of the French social system. But as regards Balzac, we have from him such books as the "*Peau de Chagrin*," which is simply morally invertebrate. From the beginning to the end it is merely the question of a mad pursuit of sensual gratification; and if we except the self-sacrifice of Pauline, there is not one detail in the book to arrest us by its moral appeal. This, which is one of the earliest of Balzac's well-known books, shows him at his worst, but even in the "*Père Goriot*" one cannot say that the ethical idea involved is allowed to operate with all the force that is inherent in it. We do feel a horror at the unfilial conduct of the two heartless daughters; but the passion of the father,

powerfully as it is depicted in the main, is, one must confess, so exaggerated that we feel, after all, that the author's ethical grasp is wanting in firmness. Only a writer who was thus deficient could represent the purest of all feelings as leading Père Goriot to smooth the way of his child to a life of dishonor, and the force of the picture is marred just to the extent of this exaggeration. One need not suppose that Balzac would not heartily condemn such an action, but there is a certain moral obtuseness, be it racial or individual, betrayed in the very juxtaposition of such things.

In this connection one may ask what is the attitude of Balzac toward the throng of unworthy characters that so largely fill his works—his Rastignacs to whom success means being kept by a rich woman, his Raphaels who appear to themselves to have mastered the secret of existence when they have secured the means of boundless sensual enjoyment, though at the price of certain death, or his Lucien de Rubempré who, to keep in the forefront of the world of pleasure, are willing to draw the very heart's blood from sister and friend? There can be no doubt that the attitude of Balzac toward these creations of his was one of condemnation, although this is not so much directly expressed as to be inferred from the general spirit of the presentation. There is a bitterness as of gall in the final scene of "Père Goriot" where Rastignac, looking down on the lights of Paris from Père-le-Chaise, the evening that he has buried the old man abandoned by his heartless daughters, flings out his defiance to the great city, and yet as his first act descends to break bread with one of these very daughters. One feels that Rastignac is the world and that in this last terrible sentence Balzac turns his back on it with disgust.

At the same time in his pictures of his heroes' pursuit of sensual pleasure, which are done with such color and power, there is little to suggest any reservation of sympathy on the part of the author. And could we indeed expect any such reservation from a man whose own nature was strongly sensual, whose appearance is described by a contemporary as that of a "joyous boar?" Selfishness, deceit, the denial of filial

love, a want of integrity, these were things which came within the range of Balzac's moral perceptions, but the delights of sense were too closely connected with what was strongest and most vital in his own nature for him to be fully conscious of the dangers that lurk within. If the devotion to sensual indulgence brings no happiness in the end, the cry that seems to rise from his lips is not one of condemnation for the wrong of it all, but rather of bitter regret that even this does not last.

I have dwelt so far only on the darker aspects of Balzac's production—such aspects as for the most part are peculiarly obnoxious to the English reader. One must acknowledge, however, that the force of his genius is manifest even in this part of his work. Nowhere has the eager pursuit of the world's pleasures been pictured with the same verve, sympathy, and power. Nowhere else, moreover, have the processes by which all that is evil and selfish in a man's nature is brought out in this pursuit been set before us with so much truth. Balzac's immense vitality, the intensity with which he realizes his creations, has an irresistible effect on us; and, drawn on by this magnetic force, we follow with interest even his unworthiest characters. Then the fertility of his genius is one of the things which contribute most to produce on us the impression of abounding power in a survey of his work. Such a procession of real and vital characters as throng the "Human Comedy," alien though they may be to English sympathies in a large measure, can be paralleled only in the works of Shakespeare and one or two of the great English novelists of the nineteenth century. The instinct of the artist seeking strong situations, in part, but, above all, the author's pessimistic bias, has led him to select for presentation far too large a proportion of the darker types of human character. Such types of beautiful purity as Eve in the "Illusions Perdus," or of unselfish and idealizing love as "Eugénie Grandet," or even of homely loyalty as the servant woman in the same book, are far too rare in his works, and even where they appear their happiness is always the sport of the overmastering forces of evil. On the other hand, in the character of Vau-

trin the pessimism of Balzac combines with the melodramatic instinct which is never absent from a Frenchman to tempt him into the perpetration of a monstrosity, perhaps to cross the line between the sublime and the ridiculous.

There are two things, moreover, which, while they do not detract from the greatness of Balzac's works, render them inferior to Thackeray's in realistic impression. In the first place, it was impossible for a Frenchman with the plastic instincts of his race to leave to his story the freedom of movement which we find in Thackeray and which is unquestionably that which is best suited for rendering the impressions of actual life. Balzac produces his effect by just the opposite of this freedom—by the compactness, the solidity, the close texture of his work. Then again Balzac, after all, has a strain of idealism of a singular kind in his nature which is wanting in Thackeray. He is a materialist to the marrow. The idea of a moral force governing the world from above is totally foreign to his conceptions. The very conviction, however, that matter is the only thing has given it, in his eyes, an almost mystical power—a power similar to that involved in the conception of matter of those grossest of all materialists despite the disguise of their name—the modern spiritualists. It is no doubt the same cast of mind which led Balzac to exalt the commonplace and ugly and to confer on them at times a strange fascination. Certainly it was this peculiarity of his genius which accounts for such works as the "*Peau de Chagrin*," the story of a sensualist who at the moment he is about to commit suicide in despair comes into possession of a charmed shagreen skin which enables him to gratify every desire, but at the price, with the gratification of each wish, of a constant diminution in the strange talisman and the vital force of its possessor; or again in the "*Recherche de l' Absolu*," the story of a man who reduces himself to beggary in his search for the elixir which can turn all things to gold. There is a depth of sympathy with the heroes of these stories—a sort of half-belief that among all the mysteries of matter such things may be possible—which separates these books from such mere *tours de force* as Lord Lytton's "*Strange*

Story," and lends them an altogether different measure of power.

In conclusion, I would say that not even those who place a high estimate on the value of Balzac's writings would assert that the impression which they produce any more than the impression produced by the other great works which a tragical conception of life underlies is agreeable. For reasons which I have dealt with, the force of which will be more generally felt by English readers than by readers of the nation to which these novels were primarily addressed, the impression in his case is even stronger than usual. To vary slightly the words of Sainte-Beuve, we are disheartened to find in a great interpreter of life so little that is tranquilizing and consoling. After all is said, however, nature has rarely bestowed her gifts on one of her children in such variety and abundance, and of his work as of all work that equally tends to enhance our idea of human capacity it is safe to predict that the world will not willingly let it die.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA.

EVERY age has its little lights that burn for a time with more or less brilliancy and then go out. Possibly a memory of them lingers on into the next age or to succeeding generations; but for the most part the memory is dwindled to a mere name, and few stop to inquire what gave the name its meaning. Among the names that have come down to us from the time of Charles II. is that of "The Matchless Orinda," so called, a lady who passed for a great poetess in her day, and who attracted to her side some of the best and most distinguished men of the Restoration period; whose poetry was read and admired well on into the eighteenth century, but who is remembered now chiefly because Dryden mentioned her in his ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew, or because Keats praised her in a letter to his friend Reynolds. Yet she was a woman of strong individuality and sprightly wit, the first English woman to make a name for herself in poetry. Her letters and her poems give abundant evidence of the charm which made her so honored in her own day, and well repay a little study in the present time.

Katherine Fowler was born in London January 1, 1631, the daughter of a prosperous merchant. Her mother was Katherine Oxenbridge, daughter of a president of the Physicians' College, and Aubrey says that her grandmother, a friend of Francis Quarles, was in her day given to poetry. Her family was Presbyterian, evidently of the well-to-do middle class.

She must have been considered especially gifted by her family; for a cousin, who had charge of her until she was eight years old, tells how she had "read the Bible through before she was full four years old." In those days a boy's training was first the Psalter, then reading the Bible, then his accidence—that is, the Latin grammar—and it was thought

worthy of note that Alexander Broome was in his accident at four years old and a quarter; while Anthony Wood, the antiquarian and scholar, born in 1632, was not put to school even to learn the Psalter till 1637, and only when he was seven years old was he ready to go into his accident.

Little Miss Fowler had also a remarkable memory. She could repeat whole passages from Scripture, and "enjoyed hearing sermons which she could bring away verbatim, when she was ten years old." Evidently she was somewhat vain of her precocity. Being brought up in the Presbyterian faith, "she was much against the bishops, and used to pray to God to take them to himself." She was accustomed to pray aloud by the hour together, "as the hypocritical fashion in those days was," apparently in the hope of being overheard. Tradition says she wrote verses early, but there is no certain record.

At the age of eight years, she was sent to Hackney, to a fashionable Presbyterian school, kept by a Mrs. Salmon, where presumably she learned dancing, painting, and music, as well as French, in which she became really proficient.

As she grew up, the civil war came on, and as soon as she began to think for herself, which must have been before she was seventeen years old, she adopted the tenets of the Church of England, and became an ardent adherent of the royal family. At seventeen she married, as a second wife, James Philips, Esq., of the Priory, Cardigan, her mother having previously married the father of James Philips.

Whether religious differences made any separation between her and her family, as some writers suppose, is doubtful. She never mentions them in the letters that are preserved, nor in her poems, and none of them apparently belonged to the circle of friends she gathered about her. There is record of a debt contracted by Mr. Philips in 1653, for which her uncle, J. Oxenbridge, was bound, and for which the uncle was thrown into Fleet Prison twenty-eight years later; so that there must have been pretty close friendship with some members of her family.

From the time of her marriage, when she became mistress

of a household, it is evident that she began to manage her husband and her acquaintance not domineeringly but capably.

The portrait prefixed to her poems shows a rather pretty, exceedingly intelligent face, with a good deal of mild but persistent will force, eminently practical and sensible. Mr. Gosse calls her "a bustling little Welsh lady." Aubrey says she was "very good-natured, not at all high-minded; pretty fat; not tall, reddish-faced." If she was like the women of to-day who resemble her portrait, she was probably the most efficient member of the household, with an ability for conducting clubs, reading circles, and evening card parties, an aptitude for drawing about her the best and most aristocratic society of the neighborhood, and for making herself beloved as well as quietly humored in her fads.

One of her fads was Friendship, of the conscious and demonstrative sort. As early as 1651 she had gathered about her a circle of friends, both men and women, who took fanciful names, Calanthe, Lucasia, Regina, etc., by which they were always known among themselves. One imagines her husband, a man older than herself and, if accounts do not misrepresent, a trifle sluggish of temperament, as good-naturedly allowing himself to be dubbed Antenor; but there were other men, men of note, who did not belong to her immediate neighborhood, who also joined the mystic circle. Jeremy Taylor, who was living in Wales when she went there, became the noble Palæmon; Sir Charles Cotterel was the most generous Poliarchus, and so on. She herself became Orinda the Matchless.

Whether the other members thought so highly as she of this bond of friendship is a question. One after another the ladies married and moved away; but it is quite plain that a large part of her thoughts were devoted to Friendship, friendship in the abstract made concrete in the persons of her neighbors. She was troubled by the sentiment some one expressed that women are incapable of true friendship, and asked the opinion of her friend Palæmon on that and three other points concerning friendship: How far is a dear and perfect

friendship authorized by Christianity? How far may it extend? and, How are friendships to be conducted? To which he replied with a most satisfactory and complimentary "Discourse on Friendship," concluding with the assurance that, though a woman may not assist a friend in just the same way as a man, yet her friendship is as real and comforting.

All these magnanimous and magniloquent sentiments were intended for her private delectation, unless she thought fit that they should pass further than her eye and closet, in which case she was entreated to consign them to Dr. Wedderburne, to whose guidance Dr. Taylor committed himself. This called out an effusion from Mrs. Philips, "To the most noble Palæmon, on his incomparable Discourse on Friendship:"

We had been still undone, wrapt in disguise;
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wise;
War had been our design, int'rest our trade;
We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,
Hadst thou not hung out light, more welcome far
Than wand'ring seamen think the northern star.

Apart from these interests she had plenty to occupy her mind in her husband's affairs. As Aubrey says in his succinct note-taking fashion, "He had a good estate, but bought crown lands; he mortgaged," etc., with all that etc. implies. "His brother Hector took off the mortgages and has the lands." Mrs. Philips set herself resolutely to disencumbering his estate, and the few letters of hers that are preserved are taken up alternately with poetry, her friends, and the account of how the business prospers. In 1662 she crossed the channel to Ireland, partly to accompany her dear friend, Lucasia, who had just committed the much-to-be-lamented act of marrying. Orinda was sure she would be eternally unhappy. She wrote to Poliarchus: "When I have tarried here awhile, I shall return home with a heavy heart, but with the satisfaction, nevertheless, that I have discharged my duty to my friend, whose loss I shall eternally regret. She tells all of us she is extremely happy, and that all that love her ought to take part in her happiness. If you have written anything to me to Cardigan relating to this affair, pray write again to me

to Dublin in Italian, for I know not when I shall receive the letters that will come to Cardigan the latter end of this week, and I am very desirous to know your thoughts on this matter, that, since I cannot bring relief to your sorrows, I may at least share them with you."

Poliarchus himself had aspired to the hand of the fair Lucasia, who goes by the name of Calanthe in this part of the correspondence; and the good Orinda must have enjoyed to the uttermost her own perspicacity in divining the future wretchedness of Calanthe and the value of her own friendship for Sir Charles in condoling with him, and, if need be, receiving his sighs in Italian, safe from the prying curiosity of others. Bustling, as Gosse imagines her, I do not think she should be called, but active-minded and eager to exert her abilities in all directions she certainly was.

All this time she was taking an interest in the affairs of the world, writing verses on "His Majesty at His Passage into England," "On the Fair Weather Just at the Coronation," "To Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of York, on Her Commanding Me to Send Her Some Things I Had Written," "To Mr. Henry Lawes," besides many poems to her personal friends in varied meters. At the same time she was learning Italian, and in the course of a few months fitting herself not only to understand the Italian postscripts of Poliarchus, but to insert bits of information in that language in her own letters.

Once in Ireland and with Lucasia determined to be happy, she was turning to her husband's affairs, when she was distracted by a new interest. She had already translated a scene from Corneille's "Pompée," and, "by some accident or other," this scene having fallen into the hands of the Earl of Orrery, "he was pleased to like it so well," she writes, "that he sent me the French original, and the next time I saw him so earnestly importuned me to pursue that translation that, to avoid the shame of seeing him, who had so lately commanded a kingdom, become petitioner to me for such a trifle, I obliged him so far as to finish the act in which that scene is."

From this auspicious beginning she went on to what was

probably the most exciting and happiest year of her life. She was introduced by the Earl of Orrery to the various members of his family in Dublin—the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, the Countess of Cork, and to the Earl of Roscommon, and others. Apparently she stayed with the Countess of Cork. It is the period of her life which we know best, because it was now that she was constantly writing to Sir Charles Cotterel for advice and criticism of her “*Pompey*,” which she undertook to translate entire. Not only so, but when it was finished the Earl of Orrery insisted upon having it acted, and “advanced one hundred pounds toward buying Egyptian and Roman habits.” To increase the length of the performance, and add to the brilliancy of the occasion, she wrote five songs to be sung in the intervals of the acts, and was “promised that they should be set by the greatest masters in England.”

One would think that she would have little time for anything else. No sooner was the play acted than it was necessary to publish an edition in Dublin. Then Sir Charles must be commissioned to present a copy to the Duchess of York, but His Majesty having asked for it, the original copy was given to him. Then a dedication to the Countess of Cork must be written. Meanwhile it was publishing in London, under the supervision of Sir Charles, and the poor lady was distracted between the fear that she should not preserve a proper decorum and that something should go astray or amiss.

But at last she had leisure to write about her husband's affairs, and we must suppose that she had not forgotten them all this time. Two or three trials for the possession of lands were coming off, and she was in a great state of mind because her witnesses were not forthcoming and she lost one suit.

In the end, and it was at the end of a full year, she departed from Ireland, having succeeded better than she might have hoped in Antenor's business. One wonders a trifle what he was doing all this while, though we do hear of his carrying Cardigan for Sir Charles in the parliamentary elections. And we wonder still more what was become of the little daughter five years old, whom Mrs. Philips never intrudes upon Poli-

archus in her brilliant correspondence. Doubtless she engineered from a distance both the elections and the little girl's education.

No wonder that when she was finally at home in Wales she longed for a more active existence. She apologizes thus for a set of verses sent to Poliarchus: "All I desire is that when you read this poem you will not condemn me for a dullness that you will find growing upon me; but consider that my absence from all the conversation that can refine my wit, the employments of a country life, and the uneasiness of my fortune, are able to blunt a much finer pen than ever I was mistress of. And indeed I find the weight of my misfortunes sink me down so low, that unless I am quickly restored to the refreshing charms of your company, I shall be past recovery and incapable of enjoying it."

Even here, however, she found opportunities to distract her mind into some degree of activity. To her deep dismay, she had found after translating "Pompey," that Waller had set his heart on doing the same thing, and that he and Sir Charles Sedley and their friends had been translating an act apiece, while her version was acting on the boards in Dublin, and the world was crying for an edition. This was sufficiently alarming to the lady, who was thus set up without intention as the rival of the most correct and most venerable poet of the day; but again in England, in this copy of verses which she sent to Poliarchus, and which he presented to the King and Queen, she found that a second time she had chosen a subject which Waller was treating. She was in great agitation. Not so much, however, as to lose command of her pen to turn pretty phrases. She wrote: "And indeed Mr. Waller has, it may be, contributed not a little to encourage me in this vanity, by writing on the same subject the worst verse that ever fell from his pen. But sure he, who is so civil to ladies, had heard that I designed such an address, and, contenting himself with having got so much the advantage of me in 'Pompey,' was willing to yield me this mate in chess, and to write ill on purpose to keep me in countenance."

But a more serious disturbance was the surreptitious pub-

lication under her own name of her occasional poems, which by this time were numerous, and being passed from hand to hand, inquired for at court, the product, moreover, of a woman who had just achieved so great success in Dublin, had become well known and were worth publishing. This was a terrible blow to her. Naturally the book might have many errors in it, and various disasters rose in her mind. The mishap threw her into an illness from which she was slow to recover.

The accident brings out a juster view of her character and of the times than we should otherwise have had. While she was in Ireland evidently her head was a little turned; but when she understood what her success meant, and how prominent she had become, that she was entering in public upon a career hitherto sacred to men, she probably was genuinely scared. She was the first and almost the only woman who dared to write poetry. Lady Newcastle might compose poetry and essays, but Lady Newcastle was a woman of rank and could afford to be eccentric. Aphra Behn had not begun to write, and would not have been recognized by Mrs. Philips in any case. Poor Orinda was a respectable middle-class female with a turn for scribbling and a penchant for royalty and aristocracy. Moreover she had sense and ability, but to be dragged before a public whom she did not know was too much for her conservative modesty. Only after Poliarchus had offered to see a new edition through the press, and revise it if need be with his own pen, did she recover her peace of mind.

She had tasted the sweets of popularity, however, as well as the bitter, and she could not resign herself to her quiet country life. At last all things were in train for her start for the city, and her last letter but one is full of the expected journey. In May, 1664, she was in London, where she must have been some six or eight weeks, and we are sure from her friends, her favor at court, and her own sprightliness and wit, that they must have been happy.

Smallpox was rife nearly all the time in those days, however. The highest as well as the lowest succumbed to it.

She was seized when her life seemed only half run, and on July 22, 1664, when she was little more than thirty-three years old, she was in her grave.

Had she lived, her poems might have appeared very soon; as it was, the plague, the fire, and the war with the Dutch delayed this monument to her fame, which was not licensed till 1667, and apparently waited for printing till 1678. The poems made a goodly quarto, prefaced by laudatory effusions by the Earls of Orrery and Roscommon, Abraham Cowley, James Tyrrell, and others.

That she was held in high esteem by these persons is clear, though it is hard to believe that Lord Roscommon was quite in earnest when he borrowed Horace's lions in the desert, and wrote:

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame;
But if that mighty name I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

The most remarkable tribute of all is contained in the preface, which we may suppose was written by Poliarchus himself: "As for her virtues, they as much surpassed those of Sappho as the theological do the moral."

In the midst of all this extravagance, however, it is evident that the men were trying to say something that they really felt. Even in the next century the Duke of Wharton wrote, without any motive for flattery: "And 'tis not the first time I have been wonderfully pleased with her solid masculine thoughts, in no feminine expression. Her refined and rational thoughts of friendship, which is a subject she very much delights in, show a soul much above the common level of mankind, and mightily raise my desire of practicing what she so nobly describes." And in the early part of the nineteenth century her poems were picked up in a second-hand bookstall, inscribed with verses of praise and love, written and signed by successive members of a family named Bonner, showing that she came home to the hearts of readers of the eighteenth century.

Probably most of this intimate love was due to her many

poems on friendship, most of which are in one way or another devoted to her dearest Lucasia. They began as early as December 28, 1651, when the excellent Mrs. Anne Owen was adopted into the society and received the name of Lucasia; and they continue to the end. Then there are poems on the marriage and death of friends, a poem on "Country Life," one on "Retirement," and so on, nearly all of them coming home in subject, if not always in treatment, to the most intimate relations of our lives.

This personal note is especially prominent in Mrs. Philips's poetry, when we compare it with the poems of other writers of the period, and on the whole it seems that she was best in this vein, which flowed spontaneously. Here is a specimen taken almost at haphazard:

Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That miracles men's faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy,
To the dull angry world let's prove
There's a religion in our love.

For though we were designed t' agree
That fate no liberty destroys,
But our election is as free
As angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determined to their joys—

We court our own captivity,
Than thrones more great and innocent.
'Twere banishment to be set free
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is but ornament.

Many of these poems are songs, and some were set to music. Almost all of this class are in stanza form, and in these the movement is pretty and the thought more succinctly expressed than in the more ambitious poems, which were written in heroic couplets. They show a surprising variety of cadence and of rhythm, too. There was still something of the Elizabethan lyric power in Mrs. Philips, which did not leave her entirely even after she had long practiced the rhymed pentameter; and for the ideas, it seems that the quatrain or any set stanza forced her to express more definite

thought in given space than the couplet, which could be multiplied indefinitely.

Here are a few specimens of the variety of her stanzas:

'Tis true, our life is but a long disease
Made up of real pain and seeming ease;
Yon stars, who these entangled fortunes give,
O tell me why
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a task to live.

Content, the false world's best disguise,
The search and faction of the wise
Is so abstruse and hid in night
That, like that fairy red-cross knight,
Who treacherous falsehood for clear truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime:
I am not thine, but thee.

One thing is noticeable: she refrains almost altogether from the Pindaric ode. In one poem, "Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement," she is in duty bound to write something that looks irregular like Cowley's masterpieces, but it sounds more like Wordsworth than like Cowley. The Elizabethan cadences were too strong on her ear to allow of any monstrous irregularity. Then, too, it seems that a woman's love of orderliness and neatness and a woman's care for details entered into all her poetry. Moreover from the first she had been conscious of the roughness into which English poetry had fallen. Her earliest printed poem, which heads the list of fifty-three complimentary pieces, prefixed to the 1651 edition of Cartwright's "Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, and Other Poems," indicates her attitude toward poetry in general:

Stay, prince of phansie, stay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy raptures yet.
Unsequester our phansies and create
A worth that may upon thy glories wait;
Then we shall understand thee and descry
The splendor of restored poetry.

She had already cast in her lot with the school of the polishers of English verse.

Her ear did not tolerate certain liberties which her reason did not approve, as it was also quite incapable of insisting upon the more subtle cadences and harmonies which neither she nor her age had studied. Mrs. Philips had a knack at rhyming rather than any real poetic gift; and so, though her taste forbade harsh sounds, it is not infrequently the case that both sense and true harmony suffer. Clearly, however, she went at her art with conscientiousness as well as love. By the time she came to the translation of "Pompey," if not earlier, she was a student of versification as well as of translation, and probably her attitude is a fair specimen of the temper of the times.

In a letter to Poliarchus, December 11, 1662, she wrote: "I had it once in my mind to tell you that I was loath to use the word *effort*, but not having language enough to find any other rhyme without losing all the spirit and force of the next line, and knowing that it has been naturalized at least these twelve years, besides that it was not used in that place in the French, I ventured to let it pass." And in criticism of the lines in Act V., Scene 2,

If Heaven, which does persecute me still,
Had made my power equal to my will,

she said, "My objection to them is, that the words *heaven* and *power* are used as two syllables each." Elsewhere she had already written, "As for the words *heaven* and *power*, I am of your opinion, too, especially as to the latter; for the other may, I think, be sometimes so placed as not to offend the ear when it is used in two syllables."

In another letter criticising the translation of "Pompey" by Waller, Sedley, Lord Buckhurst, and Filmore, she discants on the liberties the translators have taken with their original, and goes on: "But what chiefly disgusts me is that the sense most commonly languishes through three or four lines, and then ends in the middle of the fifth, for I am of opinion that the sense ought always to be confined to the couplet; other-

wise the lines must needs be spiritless and dull." This concerning the correct Waller!

It is certain that her own poetry grew smoother and more regular during the fifteen years or more that she was writing, and that she cultivated the heroic couplet. All her ambitious poems are in that meter, from the "Lines to Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on His Poems," which, though not printed till 1678, deal with the subject of his first volume published in 1646, and are probably her earliest known verses, down to the address "To His Grace, Gilbert, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, July 10, 1664," only twelve days before her burial. She succeeded in polishing her couplet much more carefully as she went on, and followed her rule for stopping the sense with the couplet more closely in "Pompey" than in most of her earlier works. She studied her art to some purpose, also, for the whole structure of the sentence and of the couplet is more dignified and closer knit than at first.

It must be remembered that she was really a pioneer in the new school, for men as well as women. She died at the age of thirty-three, in 1664, before Dryden, who was only eight months her junior, had accomplished anything even as good as her poetry. From 1643, the royalist poets, Davenant, Cowley, Shirley, and the Duke of Newcastle, Lady Margaret Lucas (afterwards Duchess of Newcastle), Hobbes, Killigrew, and others gathered about Henrietta Maria in France, and could learn whatever French literature and literary men had to teach them at first hand. By that time the Hotel Rambouillet had done its work, and the time of the *Precieuses Ridicules* had not yet come. The society of the Hotel had purified and dignified conversation and cultivated correct diction in writing, and men on the spot must gain something from the atmosphere to the benefit of their language. But the classic influence had not yet begun; nor had Mme. de la Fayette yet declared that a sentence struck out of a book was worth a louis d'or, and a word worth twenty francs. Mlle. de Scudéry, in the height of her popularity, was writing her interminable romances, built somewhat on "The Arabian

Nights" pattern, which supplied Dryden with material for his dramas a generation later.

Katherine Philips did not have the advantage of even this French influence at first hand. Born in London, a girl of the middle class, going only to a fashionable school in the suburbs, growing up amid the tumult of the civil war, a Presbyterian in Puritan England, she showed considerable vigor of mind when, at seventeen years, she had thrown off the Presbyterian faith, was an ardent advocate of King Charles and his religion, and had married a gentleman a good many years her senior. Whatever French ideas she received she adapted rather than adopted. She must have been familiar with the ways of the *Precieux*, for she chose fanciful names for the members of her society, but so did nearly every one else. Undoubtedly she knew Mlle. de Scudéry by heart, probably in French. But once married and settled in Wales, she could not mingle much in the polite society of literature. Henry Vaughan was one of her dearest friends and admirers, but he did not belong to the new French school. Jeremy Taylor was another friend, but he was not a "new" poet. Sir Henry Deering and Mr. Henry Lawes she knew; at one time she visited Cowley; in 1661 she was in full possession of the friendship and esteem of Sir Charles Cotterel, who lent her French books and taught her Italian; but most of her work must have been done for herself, and her theories must have been the result of her own studies and meditation, with an occasional impetus from outside.

As was usually the case in that age, her improvement came rather in style than in matter. Indeed, one of her earliest poems, the first in the volume, has as much vigor as any. It is "Upon the Double Murther of King Charles I. in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rhimes by Vavasor Powell:"

I think not on the state nor am concerned
Which way soever the great helm is turned,
But as that son, whose father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fettered organs; so this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of nature's laws,

Has Charles so broke God's laws he must not have
A quiet crown, nor yet a quiet grave?
Tombs have been sanctuaries; thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.

For the next ten years she was sequestered in the country; her circle of friends was mostly women, who served as objects for her anxiety, her eager friendship, her lavish praise, and as subjects of numerous lyrics and occasional pieces, but not otherwise as incentives to the cultivation of the poetic art. The pentameters of this period are comparatively infrequent, though the form persists, especially for such subjects as "Happiness," "A Revery," "Submission," etc.

Suddenly, in 1660, she had opportunity to chant a welcome "To His Majesty at His Passage into England," "On the Fair Weather Just at the Coronation," and other addresses, which brought her into court notice. She went to Ireland, where she met Lord Orrery, Lord Roscommon, and the ladies of their families, and between flattery and real inspiration translated Corneille's "Pompée," and wrote a few dedications and songs. Then straightway, after a few months of bustle and importance and the pleasures of society in London, she was snuffed out like a candle.

In 1664 the Restoration period of verse-making was still in its infancy. The old poetry was hopelessly dead, and the new was still to grow. In Mrs. Philips's poems there is scarcely anything so crude or so definitely bad as most of the complimentary verses prefixed to them, though Cowley and Roscommon and Tyrrell were among the men who contributed these poems. If Dryden did not learn directly from her, as he says he did, at least she must have had an indirect influence in helping him to understand the smoothness and the dangers of the couplet. We may not say, as one critic says, that "as our first poetess she at any rate should obtain rank relatively as high as that which we accord to Cædmon, our first poet;" but if Cowley and Sir John Denham and Dryden felt that to know her was a liberal education, she certainly must have given inspiration to the contemporary world.

The fact that French models were more and more studied,

and that she threw all the weight of her influence into the same scale, does not detract from her claim to leadership. She was a thorough master of French, but she had devoted herself to pruning English verse according to new models before ever the court removed from Flanders or English poets came back to England. The reaction which was taking place in English poetry had many feminine traits when contrasted with the masculine vigor of the Elizabethans, and a woman of strong intellect and character was just the person to help along the movement toward polish and propriety of diction, which in France itself owed so much to Mme. Rambouillet and her associates. ELINOR M. BUCKINGHAM.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, THE MAN.¹

TEN years ago there might have been seen on the more fashionable streets of Boston on any fine day in winter the well-dressed figure of a bent and misshapen man. Supported by two canes, he would walk very rapidly for a space, then stop as if exhausted and lean himself against some friendly wall. After a few minutes he would resume his painful journey. In this manner he would pass down the sunny sides of Beacon, Tremont, or Boylston Streets, or spend an hour going through the walks of the Common. An uninformed observer would be apt to pass this stranger with a feeling of commiseration. Perhaps some of the more strenuous spirits of dutiful Boston would be moved to think of the great pity that a man should be so entirely cut off by fortune from doing the tasks of service to humanity. Such persons would hardly think that he whom they commiserated had lived, nearly blind as he was, a most active life of literary service, and that this life had given to Boston one of her most considerable claims to literary prominence and to the world one of its most important and delightful histories.

The shriveled limbs which bore this tortured figure never revealed by the least conscious tremor any hesitation of the will that directed them. With unvarying determination he moved forward through his long life, living and working in spite of the physical difficulties which impeded him. His books were the results of painstaking investigations, for which libraries both in Europe and in America had to be ransacked. A mountain of old documents had to be examined, journeys across the ocean had to be made, all the annoyances of trusting a piece of note-taking to imperfectly trained copyists had to be endured and patiently set right, and at length by slow steps the narrative had to be wrought out, usually in a darkened room and under such conditions that the brain could

¹A Life of Francis Parkman. By Charles Haight Farnham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1900.

give itself to only a few moments of continuous action; yet all this was done with such remarkable accuracy that when the book was written it was no less a lucid story than a masterful piece of polished and delightful prose. Such were the obstacles in the way of Francis Parkman, the historian of the French régime in Canada, and such was the manner in which his remarkable will rendered them nothing. What he did under such circumstances is a lasting measure by which the man who loses his effort in longing may estimate the weakness of his own will and the littleness of his own career.

The career of Parkman was a product of New England Puritanism and a protest against it. His ancestry on both sides were stoutly Puritan, and his character in many respects was that of the Puritan; but there was too much humanism about him to allow him to confine himself by the severe rules of conduct which that form of thought prescribed. His father's family was a race possessed of the hardest physical qualities. One of them, the great-grandfather of the historian, was the twelfth son of his father, and became in turn the father of sixteen children. He was the masterful minister of Westborough, Mass., and ruled his little ecclesiastical kingdom for fifty-eight years. One of this man's sixteen children was Samuel Parkman, who early became a Boston merchant, and ultimately a man of great wealth for the day. This merchant lived happily in prosperity and begot sons and daughters, eleven of them, and one of them, Francis, became a minister of Boston, and served the New North Church from 1813 till 1849. It was the son of this minister who became the historian.

On his mother's side Parkman was descended from no less a light of Puritanism than John Cotton, the Boston minister of most influence in the first thirty years of the town's existence. Among Mrs. Parkman's ancestors of a closer degree there were several ministers, all of whom were strictly orthodox save one. She herself was a woman of strong character, although not remarkable for brilliant mind. Her thought was practical rather than speculative, and she cared little for creeds and nothing for religious controversies, although she

was deeply religious in a practical way. She had common sense, kindness of heart, devotion to home and family, and a very serviceable fund of humor.

The father of the historian was long remembered in Boston as a minister of more than ordinary ability, a man of cheerful and cultured tastes, a friend of humanity, a man of inherited wealth and a philanthropist, filling with both dignity and faithfulness the position of a spiritual, intellectual, and social shepherd of his flock.

Of the two parents, the mother gave the strongest impetus to the boy Francis. And yet neither the father nor the mother will account for the boy, for he completely overset all the ideas of both. He had not in the least degree the religious devotion of either. Nature gave him a strong love of truth in its cosmopolitan aspects. He was born in the days of the new reaction against the strict ways of old. He made a complete change of front, and threw aside all the restraint of custom which had bound the young men of New England in the olden time. He was in feeling from his college days a man of the world, not dissipated or immoral, but one who lived for the natural impulses and who was not only indifferent but even savage toward the system which he had rejected. Puritanism was democratic; Parkman was socially exclusive. Puritanism was ever mindful of its religious sense; Parkman had no more religion than a deep love of nature gave him. Puritanism believed in severe morals; Parkman believed in, and practiced, the human pleasures of good living, dressing handsomely, using good wine in moderation as a matter of course, and being surrounded by the visible beauty which his ample fortune gave him.

But there was a point at which this antithesis failed. Puritanism had a strenuous will; no Pilgrim Father's determination was ever greater than Parkman's. Puritanism was capable of days and nights of unremitting thought; no New England minister in the days of the theocracy ever sought the last theological argument with more unrelenting assiduity than Parkman sifted to the last point his historical evidences. Puritanism was unreasoningly faithful to its party; yet nei-

ther Cotton Mather nor Jonathan Edwards espoused his ideals with a fervor greater than that with which Parkman followed the ideals of his own life. The Puritan had an abiding sense of his duty to suppress wrongs throughout the range of his vision; Parkman, try as he might to rule his impulses, could never quite restrain himself from championing the oppressed with the old-time New England fervor. The cause of this is not far to seek. The mental qualities which a Puritan ancestry had bred in him could not be changed when he threw off the creed and the point of view of his fathers. Thus it remained true, as his daughter said of him, that he was at bottom still "a passionate Puritan."

Of the mere events of Parkman's life there is not a great deal to be said. He was born September 16, 1823, in Boston, where his boyhood was spent with the exception of the five years—from eight till thirteen years of age—which he passed on his maternal grandfather's farm at Medford. This farm was close to the then wild Middlesex Fells, in which the boy delighted to roam, and it is thought that he thus received an abiding love for savage nature. This impulse was to find expression later in his familiarity with forest life seen in his admirable descriptions of frontier struggles.

In 1840 Parkman entered Harvard, and four years later he graduated there. For the next two years he remained at Harvard studying law. The choice of this profession was voluntary. He had no great fondness for law, but his father had the notion that a gentleman ought to be educated in one of the learned professions, and the boy yielded to his father's plan. The course was completed with credit, and the license to practice was duly obtained, but the work of active practice was not undertaken.

It is at this time that we get our first clear view of the young man. He appears as a shy young person who spent much time to himself. There were some things which he liked and some which he did not like. Among the former was English composition. His diary shows that he rigorously drilled himself in this subject during his entire college course. For mathematics he had by no means the same fondness.

He himself has described his last examination in that subject. He was required to work at the board a problem in algebra in the presence of the examining committee. "I had not opened my algebra for six months," said he, "having devoted to rifle-shooting the time which I was expected to devote to mathematics. A problem was proposed. I said: 'Don't know it, sir.' Prof. Pierce with great kindness then proposed another, to which I replied: 'I cannot do it, sir.' He then tried a third. 'I don't know anything about it, sir.' 'Mr. Parkman, you may go,' was the reply of the Professor."

The seclusiveness of Parkman did not proceed from a lack of iron in his blood. He was quite strong enough where his interests were aroused. In debate he was remembered by his associates for his explosive earnestness, a kind of intentness which was restrained by no sense of caution when he was aroused to the task of the moment. It was that very earnestness of downright honesty which would, no doubt, have made him a bad politician but which helped much to make him an excellent historian.

On the social side Parkman's college life was something less than brilliant, yet it was by no means a failure. He had few friends, but these appreciated him highly. To them he gave himself cordially. If it were a class function, either during his college career or during the remainder of his long life, he gave it his full support. His letters to schoolmates, some of which fortunately have been preserved by his biographer, show how keenly he entered into all that pertained to college life. They belong to the period of his law studies and show us a well-supported, pleasant young gentleman, who took his studies none too seriously and who took something stronger with a great deal more interest, as witness the following of November, 1844:

We wanted you the other night [he wrote to a friend]. Joe got up one of his old-fashioned suppers on a scale of double magnificence, inviting thereunto every specimen of the class of '44 that lingered within an accessible distance. There was old S. and Snaggy, N. D., Ned W. (who, by the way, is off for Chili!), P., etc., etc. The spree was worthy of the entertainment. None got drunk, but all got jolly; and Joe's champagne disappeared first; then his Madeira; and his whisky punch would have followed suit, if

its copious supplies had not prevented. At first all was quiet and dignified, not unworthy of graduates; but at length the steam found vent in three cheers for '44, and after that we did not cease singing and roaring till one o'clock. Even my hideous voice grew musical; I succeeded in actually singing in the chorus to "Yankee Doodle" without perceptibly annoying the rest. At length all deserted except a chosen few. Old S. sat in a rocking-chair, with one foot on the table, and the other on his neighbor's shoulder, laughing and making execrable puns. He had the key of the door in his pocket, so that nobody could get out. The whole ended with smashing a dozen bottles against the Washington [elm], and a war dance with scalp-yells in the middle of the common, in the course of which several night-capped heads appeared at the opened windows of the astonished neighbors.

This unquestionably was very unexpected behavior from a young gentleman who was already a graduate, whose father was a minister, and who, in compliment, perhaps, to his father's and grandfather's gifts to the theological department, occupied a room in Divinity Hall. Bad as it is, we can half forgive it on account of the clear and nervous English in which it is written.

The law course ended in 1846. That year found Parkman's health in a seriously bad condition. This had come about through a series of causes. From early life he had possessed a highly nervous organization. He had, also, a will whose intensity, when once it was set, could render his body well-nigh insensible to the ordinary physical protests against misuse. Moreover, he conceived that he could by sufficiently steady practice remedy this deficiency and give himself the hardy frame of an athlete. To conceive such a thing was, with Parkman, to attempt to carry it through. Accordingly he took all kinds of violent exercise. He indulged in long walks which would tire out experienced foresters. He scorned to turn aside for either rain or heat. He slept on the ground without a blanket. He had in an exalted degree a turn for the heroic, and this pushed him on in this path of what he fancied was Indian fortitude. Along with his nervousness was a tendency toward a serious affection of the brain. This, too, he tried to overcome by continual physical activity. As a result, the overstrained body collapsed and the highly wrought will pushed the brain almost to insanity. Besides a general breakdown of health, there came, in 1846, an omi-

nous attack of blindness. In 1851 arthritis seized one of his knees and rendered his free locomotion impossible for the rest of his life. In his anxiety he went to Europe to consult leading specialists. He was told that he was in imminent danger of both blindness and insanity. Indeed, he needed not to be told this. His eyes were so bad that he dared not go into the sunlight during the daytime, and at intervals the affection of the brain was so severe that it required, as he himself said, the most extreme exertion of the will he ever made to restrain the highly excited brain from rushing into a maddened course, which an eminent Parisian surgeon told him had always been the result of his disorder. This attack lasted in its serious form for four years. When it had worn itself out, he found himself in Boston, a permanent invalid. He dared not use his brain further. He turned, rather, to horticulture. He liked it for its own sake, and the outdoor life which it involved was what he needed to tone up his system. This new occupation he followed with that disposition to go to the bottom of a thing which characterized all his efforts. As a result he came at length to be an authority on the subject. He took three hundred and twenty-six prizes for his exhibits in the flower shows of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society; he held several offices in this society, being for three years its president, and he introduced a number of new species, chief among them the *lilium Parkmanni*, for which an English florist gave him a large sum. Another achievement in the same department was a "Book on Roses," which is still received as an authority on rose culture.

While all these days and years of pain brought torture to the body and the brain, there was an ideal in the mind of Parkman which he never forgot. As early as his Sophomore days at Harvard he had determined that he would write some day the story of the struggle between the white man and the Indian for the northern frontier. His fondness for the forest had helped in the confirmation of this purpose. During his college vacations he made trips to the Canadian woods, going over with great interest the scenes of the struggles of the Algonquins and the French against the Iroquois and the

English. In 1846, when his eyes gave the first serious intimation of their weakness, he decided to make the necessity of resting them an occasion to visit the tribes of Indians on the western plains. With one companion he arrived at mid-summer of that year at Fort Laramie, in what is now the southeast corner of Wyoming. He was somewhat disconcerted to find that his only chance to observe the Indians would be to follow the Ogillallahs, a tribe of the Sioux, to their summer buffalo hunt. With only a Canadian guide he set off on this errand. After five days of travel he came up with the Indians in their camp at the foot of the Medicine Bow Mountains. He remained with them for some weeks. Most of the time his health was exceedingly bad. Of all the unwise efforts he made to check his disorder this was the most injurious. He needed particularly some easily digested food and a period of rest, and here he could get neither. Nothing but his determination enabled him to bring his bones back from the plains. For five days he ate only one biscuit a day in order that he might reduce his trouble by starvation. Sometimes he was so weak when the time came for mounting his horse to follow the Indians that he could do so only by taking a spoonful of brandy to revive his strength. Yet he came out of the expedition somewhat improved in health. He wrote an account of his experiences which was published under the title, "The Oregon Trail," in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847 and in book form in 1849.

This improvement in health was, however, only the withdrawal of his hand from the very gate of death. He still stood in the broad road that led to the grave. Returned to the East, his chief concern became to find some way of attaining a perfect recovery. He sought health first at a water cure establishment in Vermont. While there he dictated to a friend "The Oregon Trail." This action was indicative of Parkman's later course. While he was conscious that his first task was to recover his shattered health, or, to put it more exactly, to stave off day by day the fate that confronted him, he determined to use in following his literary plans every moment which he could well snatch from his medical treatment. This

determination, so rigorously carried out throughout his life, gave literary results which, in view of his physical condition, have struck the world as little less than miraculous.

"The Oregon Trail" was successful from the first. It had that direct and lucid style which comes from being thoroughly in earnest. It ran through the first edition in due time, and the demand for it has been so steady that in 1892 the ninth edition was put on the market. It has proved itself one of the most popular books of travel written in America.

The success of this work encouraged Parkman to renewed efforts. He had begun to collect materials for "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" as early as the summer of 1845. He now gave himself seriously to writing it. He himself said that his health at that time was the worst possible. He was impeded by the three serious failings: the inability of writing without closing his eyes, the inability of using his brain at more than infrequent and brief intervals, and the inability of overcoming an extreme disinclination to work which was caused by his highly wrought nervous condition. His physician warned him that his attempt was most dangerous; but Parkman felt that his salvation depended on his having some serious purpose as a center of his life, and he proceeded slowly but continuously to the work which he had planned. He secured a frame of wood the size of a sheet of writing paper, with wires stretched across it at intervals of half an inch. This he laid upon a sheet of paper and was able to write with a pencil so that a friend could make out his thoughts. After five years of such painful effort, the book was finished in 1851. It is of all Parkman's writings the least prosy. "It is," says Mr. Farnham, "fascinating not only by its vigorous picturesqueness, but also from the color, flow, and fervor of its diction." Parkman, with a less partial and doubtless a truer judgment, thought in his maturer years that this work was "turgid and too highly colored." It has proved, however, a popular work with the mass of readers, both young and old, who have found its marvelous picture-painting quality a continual source of joy.

The next task to which Parkman gave his hand was to

write a novel. He called it "Vassal Morton," and it was published in 1856. The book was a failure from the first. Strength of feeling it had, but it lacked that happy application of imagination to the plot and to the action of the characters which makes a novel a work of art. It is now chiefly remembered for certain autobiographical touches, disguised, no doubt, but not past the recognition of those who knew somewhat of the inner feelings of the author. It has never been reprinted in the collections of his works.

The period of Parkman's life of which I am now speaking was full of matter for the discouragement of any but one who possessed his extraordinary determination. It was the time of his greatest physical suffering. More than that, the last two books he had put before the world had received but a cold welcome. The novel was a complete failure; and the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" had received much criticism, as much because it dealt in a new way with a phase of American history as because of the defects of style which have already been mentioned. His wife, whose love, true to her woman's nature, cried out that the world should praise where she knew there was so much to deserve praise, suggested that he should try some field of history in which the public had a warmer interest than in the Canadian conflict. She thought of European history. Had not Prescott and Motley made great reputations in it? But to all her suggestions her husband had a characteristic reply. "I must write what I was made for," he said. His mission was to tell the story of the dark struggle for the forest, and that he would do. If the world would hear the story, it was well; if it would not hear it, then he would nevertheless tell the story in the full reverence for truth which is at once the lowest and the highest duty of an historian.

The next piece of work which came from Parkman was "The Pioneers of France in the New World." It was published in 1865, after the second crisis of his disease had been passed and after he had come into that last period of his life in which he settled into a condition of somewhat less bodily anguish than he had experienced from 1846 to 1861. It was

as if during this long period he had come to view his life's task in a clearer light. That task he had long understood, but he had at first gone about it in no logical way. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which was his first step toward fulfilling the task, is chronologically the last step of the Canadian conflict. Parkman was, perhaps, led to write about it first of all because of his disposition to have a hero. He now conformed to the logical order of his subject. He arranged a plan of the great struggle and proceeded systematically to execute it. He realized that the precarious condition of his health made doubtful the completion of such a work. In order to provide against this contingency he arranged to cover the subject in a series of monographs, each of which should be enough of a whole in itself to make it worth while to do it, even if death should intervene before the series was done. The whole he called "France and England in North America." He was able to complete it as he had planned it. The volumes appeared in the following order: "The Pioneers of France in the New World," one volume, 1865; "The Jesuits in North America," one volume, 1867; "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," one volume, 1869; "The Old Régime," one volume, 1874; "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," one volume, 1877; "Montcalm and Wolfe," two volumes, 1884; "A Half Century of Conflict," two volumes, 1892. The whole series constitute the noble task of a lifetime. It is at once a monument and an incarnation. One may say in the years to come, as he points to this work: "Here is Parkman." It was completed in 1892. There followed one happy summer of rest, in which the author was enthusiastically contemplating other tasks to be undertaken in the future; and then, on November 8, 1893, the great enemy whom he had baffled so long claimed him. It was as if Death had struck a bargain with him, agreeing that he might complete his work of devotion; and then when the work was done, as if the dark monster had been so struck with its beauty that he had forgot for a brief moment to claim his side of the agreement, but was reminded of it by these preparations to undertake other tasks.

The world rarely sees a career like Parkman's. Other men have done as much as he—some men, perhaps, have done more—but few have lived who have done as much under such difficulties. What he did is enough to make a man who is content to do an ordinary task ashamed of his life's emptiness. Parkman had, no doubt, the immense advantage of being a rich man. Without this he could not have written any of his histories. Yet it is worth while to remember that thousands of men have been as rich as he who have not written anything. His money was useful to him because it enabled him to visit Europe, examine documents, make copies of them, inspect personally the scenes of the conflicts about which he was writing, and hire the help of amanuenses. He had ability; but other men have had ability also, and yet few have brought such results out of their abilities. The element of character which made him preëminent was his towering will. It enabled him to master what would have been for most of us the decrees of nature, and to make a spring of life burst forth out of the solid rock. Without this will to work, riches and abilities would have been spent out in the mere vaporings of a mind seeking after the sensuous flowers of idleness.

Parkman's nature was not a complex one. It embraced a few virtues emphatically developed, and perhaps still fewer failings well ruled. That was all. He had a straightforward love of truth, a brusqueness of speech, a love of the wildness of primitive nature, an impatience with cant and with hypocrisy, and a sincerity of feeling which made him a splendid specimen of the civilized savage. On the other hand, he had little sympathy with weakness, whether it were his own or another man's. He had no faith in the equality of men. He was an aristocrat; he believed that women should keep in their places; and he was always conscious that he had a place somewhat apart from, and perhaps a little better than, that of most other people. This exclusiveness was, no doubt, brought into prominence in his nature by the necessity he was under to live to himself on account of the state of his health, but it was no less a part of his nature. It was like

him that he ever did what he wanted to do and neglected what he did not like to do. What he loved best was the primitive forest, with its weird creaking of the trees in the winter's wind and its unharnessed spirits of strength and mysticism. And yet he had no patience with the notion that there is a quiet spirit which binds man to the beauties of nature. He knew nothing about communing with nature in the sense in which the expression is usually received. He could not abide Wordsworth, and he had but little sympathy for Thoreau.

One thing he loved better than the wilderness: it was the writing of its history and of the history of the wild Indians and of the hardly less wild white men who moved through the wilderness. If there is any feeling which can deaden the pain of the tortured body, it is the joy of creating an honest sentence in an honest narrative, as every lover of historical research must know. Parkman himself thought that the habit of writing slowly, completing sentence by sentence the short task of the day, had the good effect of making him more careful about his words. It perhaps restrained his mind from philosophizing and gave his chapters that strictly narrative form which made them so unlike most of the history the world was used to reading before his day. Fortunately, it is less in style to-day than formerly to deliver sermons between the lines in our histories.

The education of Parkman was, perhaps, too highly specialized. From the time when as a Harvard Sophomore he determined on his life work he gave all his study to accomplishing that end. He practically took his education into his own hands. He read much literature, and he even attempted poetry; but gradually his chosen object supplanted all other claims. His disease, no doubt, facilitated this process by taking so much of his time that he felt impelled to use all his working opportunity in following his one task. As a result he knew no other field of history than that which related to Canada. This unquestionably meant a loss in breadth of view. Back of a specialization should be an honest knowledge of the general field. Parkman's feeling sometimes made

his work less reliable than it would otherwise have been. There is no doubt that his lack of sympathy with so mystical a religious organization as the Quakers led him to underestimate the position they played in Pennsylvania, and that this produced the strictures against them which is one of the objectionable features of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." The same may be said in regard to his treatment of the New England Puritans, for whom he had no sympathy.

And yet neither the one-sidedness of his education nor the intensity of his feelings prevented Parkman from being a great historian. No other American of his day, save George Bancroft, had been confronted by so large a task; and no other, not even Bancroft himself, performed that task better. The subject had peculiar difficulties. The materials were to be found in a hundred scattered reports, or monographs, many of which had never been printed. To get at them it was necessary to pass weary months in France, going from Paris to some provincial town, and back again, and after that as long again in Canada. He was not satisfied till he had got at the last accessible fact. How much pain it cost him will never be known. He was not satisfied to write until he had personally gone over the scene of the events about which he proposed to write. Moreover, he had the disadvantage of presenting the subject from the standpoint of the French and the Indians. Former treatments had continually treated it from the standpoint of the English colonies which had suffered from the French. To them the Indian attacks had been but the torturing raids of demons; to Parkman the subject appeared as the shock of two great forces which contended for a continent. When his work appeared in the white light of scientific inquiry the public, who had been educated in the old school, was disappointed. Scholars quickly recognized the superiority of the treatment, however, and the public gradually came around to the new way of thinking. In fact, this very spirit got so strong a hold on the mind of the public that scholarly investigation received from it a powerful impetus.

Parkman was essentially a man of action, and his books

are the histories of life. He always loved a hero. He told his story best and found most interest in it when it had some central figure to absorb his interest. Thus he took but little interest in "The Old Régime," which had to do with the institutions of Canada. But for Frontenac, and Pontiac, and, most of all, for La Salle, he had the greatest interest. The stories which he built up around these men are unsurpassed in the realm of history for dramatic, accurate, and vivid treatment. They appeal to the reader, boy or man, like a novel. As one reads them he is apt to sigh: "Why is not all history written in this way?" Ah! why is it not so written? The answer is plain: Not all historians are Parkmans. It will be many a day before there comes to our country another who is so complete a master of the real as he, and withal so clear a lover of truth.

It would be unjust to Parkman if I closed this paper without saying something about his social life. He was not a recluse. To his friends he was genial, even frolicsome. He ever loved a quiet evening with a good fire and a kindred spirit. His family life, though short, was happy. He was married in 1850 to Catherine Scollay, a daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and three children were born of the union. In 1858 his wife died, and one of the children, a promising boy, had died in the preceding year. To the two daughters who were thus left alone with him he could give but little attention, on account of his disease. His marriage was a surprise to some who thought they knew him well. They had believed that he had too little sentiment to love. They had never penetrated beneath the reserve and seen the warm love of his nature. We get a better glimpse of his faculty of loving when, some years later, he refused to dedicate a book to his sister because he considered his love too deep and too sacred a thing to be paraded before the public. The incident was like him in more than one way. He had an impatience of the admission of the public into his private life. For his daughters and for his sister Eliza, he had great love. The sister was his constant assistant. With a rare devotion she gave him her life, her activity of body, her intelligent

- sympathy, in order to repair the damage disease had done him. The last years of his life were spent in a half relief from his bodily torture, and in this period he appeared to his
- friends in his true social capacity. Then his home was the scene of many a gathering of choice spirits whose merriment was not soon forgotten. Among all the group no one was more jocose than he and his sister. He would make up some absurd story with a grave face, and he would frequently turn the laugh on a person present by bringing him up at last in the story in some grotesque situation.

Parkman was not religious by nature. In all the years of struggle with physical pain there is in his utterances no reference to the consolation of religion. His writings contain nothing to show that he had any personal experience of religion in any orthodox form. Toward the clergy, toward the Churches as organizations, and even toward the cultivation of the spiritual elements of a man's character, he maintained through life a distinct opposition. He represented, as has been said, a reaction against formal New England Puritanism. "He began," says Mr. Farnham, "with the Unitarianism of Channing, then passed on to the 'more natural and manly religion' of Theodore Parker, and finally ended his life, as he himself admitted, 'a reverent agnostic.' " His sense of the accurate held him back from the expression of any definite ideas of the great Unknown. It made faith in the Unknown an impossibility, and without faith religion is but cant; and for cant he had not the least patience.

Parkman's relation to his *alma mater* demands special attention. His father and grandfather before him had given liberally to Harvard's Divinity School. Although he did not indorse the giving of this money to the Divinity School, he remained none the less true to the college. Through his life he was a constant attendant on his class reunions. He was a fine illustration of that faithful alumnus who represents in one way the finest type of college man. It is a type of loyalty, of self-sacrifice, and of enthusiasm for the cause of higher education. If it could come to the graduates of every college as it came to Parkman, there would be a revival of cul-

ture in our land which should make anew its thought life. In Parkman this characteristic was manifested in several ways. He was an invariable guest at his class reunions, he was always willing to contribute of his funds to meet the needs of the college or to beautify it, and he was ever ready to give a helping hand to some Harvard man who was in need of help. When he died he accomplished the end of a good son of Harvard by leaving to it his valuable library, consisting of two thousand five hundred volumes.

Such was the life of Parkman, child of a strenuous stock, lover of the strong and despiser of the weak, fearless devotee of truth, master of the art of writing narrative history, sad victim of the overwhelming frowns of Fortune, yet by his will conqueror of Fortune. He lived his life as any wise man will live it, pressing to the utmost the capacity of his own opportunity. We need not ask what he might have been had his opportunity been greater. His example will remain for many generations an incentive to the younger literary men of America, and equally as long will his books remain to them a source of delightful instruction.

JOHN SPENCER BASSETT.

A STUDY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

III. ARNOLD'S CRITICAL METHOD.

I.

IN all Arnold's works, whether in prose or poetry, there is a firm and striking unity of aim, a thorough devotion to a few central ideas around which all others naturally group themselves. In this scheme, or rather in this order, the pure literary criticism has a definite place to fill, an indispensable service to perform. But separate it from this scheme, consider it apart from its bearing upon Arnold's social ideas, and it assumes a most important place in the history of English criticism. What that place is, what Arnold's critical work means in the history of English literature, will best appear from a slight account of English criticism from the beginning of the nineteenth century.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the judicial school of criticism reigned supreme in the then recently established Reviews. The methods of this school and of its chief exponents, Jeffrey, Lockhart, and Macaulay, are essentially of a kind with Johnson's. Their range of sympathy is, it is true, wider, their dependence on the ancients not so great; but their dogmatism, intolerance of innovation, and blindness to the deeper significance of literature marked them as belonging to the old school of English criticism which arose with Dryden and of which Johnson was the chief exponent in the eighteenth century.

Long, however, before the school died out with Macaulay, the Romantic critics had arisen, and it is the further growth of English criticism in their hands that bears more directly on Arnold. The work of these critics was to free themselves, often with difficulty, from the ways of the older critics, and to acquire in their place new methods and ideas. They were not only critics in the attitude of cold judgment, but men ardent with new views of life. They threw themselves into the study of foreign literature. The great German poets were

first read, and the long-neglected influence of Italian literature was sought again. And more than this, they were all lovers of Spenser and of the Elizabethan drama.

The first clear note of the new criticism was the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads." Much of the criticism in this preface had no lasting weight, and the chief errors were soon criticised by Coleridge in the "Biographia Literaria." But one passage at least contains a prophecy of the criticism of the nineteenth century. That criticism never lost again a sense of the intimate relation of literature and life. "The poet," says Wordsworth, "binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time." This was the first new element introduced by the romantic critics; hardly ever so well expressed afterwards, but never neglected since.

The next great point of the new critics, the distinction between the fancy and the imagination, first enunciated by Wordsworth in 1815, had no lasting influence. Little was made of it after Coleridge except in an essay by Leigh Hunt. Although Wordsworth first announced the distinction, he had it from Coleridge, who very probably had it from Jean Paul Richter.¹

The chief aim of Coleridge in criticism was to find a psychological basis for poetry, to understand the nature of a poem from the faculty that shaped it—a futile task, perhaps, but eminently characteristic of the new spirit which, utterly disgusted with the shallowness of previous criticism, looked in all things for an ultimate meaning. But Coleridge was also a Shakespearean critic, and he speaks of things heretofore unknown—poetic faith and poetic truth, both distinctions which became permanent possessions to English criticism.

As of Coleridge, so is it true of all first-rate critics that followed, that each brought a more or less definable but new instrument into criticism. Each one prospectively enriched some complete critic to come with a novel point of view.

¹ Vide his "Vorschule der Ästhetik."

So Lamb first truly revealed the riches of the contemporaries of Shakespeare and of the older prose writers, whose style shines through his own at every turn.

Lamb was of the finest and most exquisite temperament. He vibrated to every stroke of passion in the old tragedy. There is a new gusto of delectation in his voice, and the literature which he loves is like old wine on his tongue. He was the most disinterested critic that had yet appeared, and yielded himself up to every source of enjoyment within his range.

Lamb, of course, was an impressionist, but the field of his sympathies was necessarily narrow. He knew, indeed, no modern language except his own, but he showed by his method the tendency of English criticism. The thoroughgoing impressionist was Hazlitt, a man of quite other proportions than Lamb. In Hazlitt the disinterested love of literature vibrates in every line of the splendid and impetuous rush of his eloquent causeries. Criticism, he tells us, should not deal—in truth, the new criticism does not deal—"in sweeping clauses of proscription and anathema, but in nice distinction and liberal construction."² We should not be chained by any convention. Montaigne, for instance, is so great because "he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really are."³ Hazlitt also announced the interdependence of matter and form in poetry. The whole character of his criticism is well described by Jeffrey, who reviewed the younger critic's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays." "The book," says Jeffrey, "is written more to show extraordinary love than extraordinary knowledge."

A greater sense for style, especially for the delicate minor shades, was shown by Leigh Hunt. He was not capable of dealing with the sterner aspects of literature, but was a connoisseur in exquisite felicities of rhythm and diction. But the old failing of indefinite, sometimes quite meaningless, statement is strong in him. It is perhaps not entirely absent from any critic up to this point. No critic to-day would under-

² "On the Periodical Essayists." ³ *Ibid.*

take to tell us, as Leigh Hunt did, that "the reason why verse is necessary to the form of poetry is that the perfection of the poetical spirit demands it."⁴ But Hunt was a furtherer of criticism in his own mild way.

Finally comes a greater man than any of these, Carlyle, who by his literary criticism belongs to this earlier period. A quite disinterested critic of literature Carlyle never was, but he introduced the appreciation of spiritual qualities.⁵ Carlyle introduced a greater sympathy, a finer insight, into the character that produced a book. He gets near to the man whose writings he would criticise. A nobly human attitude dwells in such critical remarks of Carlyle as this: "What is the detecting of a fault, but the feeling of an incongruity, of a contradiction which may exist in ourselves as well as in the object."⁶ It is a far call, in time and in spirit, from the old critics to these memorable words of Carlyle. Every one of these modern critics introduced a new point of view, but this was the crowning touch, the last element needed.

I have said that when the old school of criticism died Coleridge introduced a regard for the ultimate meaning of literature; Lamb, a fine disinterestedness; Hazlitt, a sense for nice distinction and liberal construction; Hunt, a feeling for felicity of style; and Carlyle, an appreciation of spiritual qualities. Now, it is not too much to say that Arnold combines in his critical work all these qualities as no other critic has done. And he did this not unconsciously, but distinctly purposed to attain these qualities in his criticism. This is sufficiently shown by his definition of criticism and his description of the right and fruitful critical attitude. Criticism, says Arnold, is "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."⁷ Its "rule may be summed up in one word—disinterestedness."⁸ It should be "sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever

⁴Introduction to "Imagination and Fancy."

⁵This phrase is borrowed from Prof. Gates, of Harvard.

⁶Introduction to German Romance, Ed. 1827.

⁷Essays in Criticism, I.

⁸Ibid.

widening its knowledge." ⁹ "In poetical criticism the shade, the fine distinction, is everything." ¹⁰ Criticism "must make the best ideas prevail," ¹¹ and so "nourish us in growth toward perfection." ¹² Thus Arnold has, in comparison with previous critics, a certain completeness. The excellence which they had half consciously attained, he recognized as excellence, and set himself to arrive at in criticism.

In all this there is nothing new, and Arnold's contribution to English criticism consists mainly, in fact, in the peculiar stress which he laid on disinterestedness in the critic's attitude and on the spiritual qualities of literature. For the best literature was to Arnold, above and beyond all else, a regenerative power for men, a power that would nourish them in growth toward perfection. Hence, as we shall see, he was guided in his choice of subjects by a strict regard for what would help to nourish the Englishmen of his time in growth toward perfection.

In regard to critical method Arnold says: "The great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way and to let humanity decide." ¹³ An excellent example of the way in which Arnold sought to realize this ideal of criticism, more strictly indeed of literature, is found in the essay on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." Here Arnold translates the fifteenth idyll of Theocritus as an example of the pagan spirit, and a hymn of Saint Francis as an example of the Christian spirit. Now, the former of these treats "the world according to the demand of the senses," ¹⁴ the latter "according to the demand of the heart and the imagination." ¹⁵ But, though "it is natural that man should take pleasure in his senses," ¹⁶ yet, "when one thinks what human life is to the vast majority of mankind, how little of a feast for the senses it can possibly be, one understands the charm for them of a refuge offered in the heart and imagination." ¹⁷ So Arnold, in many cases, by skillfully inserted quotations of kinds of literature opposed to each other, or by descriptions of life

⁹ *Essays in Criticism*, I.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ *Ibid.*

in widely differing aspects, seeks to obtain results without direct personal interference.

4 *Homer*
The structure of Arnold's essays, though strictly taken it is a matter of style, has also a bearing on his critical method. Take, for instance, the lectures on Homer. Arnold singles out four chief qualities of Homer. Using these as a touchstone, he shows how each translator failed by failing to reproduce one or more of them. Next, in search of an adequate meter, he inverts the process. One meter will render one of the chosen qualities and fail to render another, so all meters proposed fail at some point until the meter is mentioned which Arnold advocates, and this will render all four qualities. It is noteworthy how Arnold here also attempts to remain in the background, how he exhausts all other possibilities before venturing upon his own view. One other point in Arnold's method is to be noted. He rarely treats the whole of a subject, rather taking some one phase of it, which he exhausts.

Such, in brief, are the chief characteristics of Arnold's critical method. His critical results remain to be spoken of.

The most interesting—perhaps, too, the most representative—portion of any critic's work is that in which he unfolds his general ideas on poetry, not on this or that poet but on poetry. Before going to Arnold's definition of poetry, however, it will be well to glance at the definitions of several preceding critics. Consider this definition of Coleridge:

A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having the object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.¹⁸ } *STC*

Characteristic of Coleridge is the formally logical perfection of this definition. It does not define poetry, however, for it does not tell us what poetry is, unless by implication that a poem is an organic whole, one part of which necessarily harmonizes with every other, but it tells us what poetry effects. So that even with Coleridge we do not get very far.

¹⁸ *Biographia Literaria*, Ch. 14.

Hazlitt

A clearer mind in literary matters was Hazlitt's, and in his introductory lecture to the "Discourses on the English Poets," he exhibits what seems to be an ardent striving after adequate expression. He gives a whole series of interesting definitions of poetry. "Poetry," he says, "is the language of the imagination and the passions;" "Poetry is the imitation of nature;" "Poetry is the high-wrought enthusiasm of fancy and feeling;" "Poetry is the highest eloquence of passion;" "Poetry in its matter and form is natural imagery or feeling combined with passion or fancy"—all very eloquent, as it could not but be from Hazlitt, but all except the second singularly devoid of tangible meaning. We may languidly admit the truth of whatever meaning these eloquent phrases possess, but we are not helped; the core of the matter is as dark as ever.

A definition of far greater value, surprisingly good indeed, is Leigh Hunt's:

*Hunt**B*

Poetry is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity.¹⁹

It is perhaps impossible to pick a distinct flaw here, to say this part is untrue or to make a charge of omission, but this definition too has the essential defect of not going to the quick. There is no sudden flood of light, no sign of that sensation as of a veil drawn from truth which should accompany a definition of this sort.

Well known though it be, I will quote Arnold's definition once more: "Poetry is a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty,"²⁰ and "the poet receives his distinctive character from his application under the laws immutably fixed by poetic beauty and poetic truth, of his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of ideas 'on man, on nature, and on human life.'"²¹

¹⁹ Introduction to "Imagination and Fancy."

²⁰ *Essays in Criticism*, II., p. 5.

²¹ *Ibid.*

Now, one excellence in which lies the striking contrast between this definition, if it be rightly understood, and all previous ones, can be claimed for it at once, whether we agree with it or not. All other definitions, I must use the word again, leave us languid. "Poetry is the highest eloquence of passion"—perhaps so, but it is not of much concern whether we call it that or not. But if we come to see just what Arnold meant by his definition, we are aroused at once. We agree with it or not, but here is something tangible at last, something that the mind grasps with pleasure. And the best sign of this is, that the definition has been widely discussed, assailed or defended with ardor.

The defects of this definition are twofold: It is incomplete, since Arnold did not tell us what the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty are; and it is obscured by the unfortunate choice of the term "criticism," which actually neither denotes nor connotes Arnold's exact meaning.

Notwithstanding the lack of an explanation on Arnold's part, it is perhaps not difficult to see what he meant by saying that "poetry is a criticism of life." A poet choosing his subject, for instance, in that very act criticises life, for in choosing this subject he affirms it to be noble by deeming it worthy of poetic treatment. He deprecates at the same time all other subjects which he might have chosen as not sufficiently noble and worthy. And if a poet takes as his subject a popular legend, as Vergil did, or stories or histories, as Shakespeare did, then he not only criticises life by his choice of subject but by this treatment of it, by elaborating the nobler and more fitting parts and by rejecting the less noble and fitting.

The second and more obvious sense in which much of the best poetry is a criticism of life is explained by Arnold himself in this passage:

Voltaire with his signal acuteness, most truly remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." . . . Voltaire does not mean . . . the composing moral and didactic poems. . . . He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above "of the noble and profound application of ideas

to life." . . . A large sense is of course to be given to the term moral. Whatever bears upon the question "how to live" comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou livest,
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven."

In those fine lines Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on the Grecian urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line,

"Forever wilt thou love and she be fair,"

he utters a moral idea. When Shakespeare says that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

he utters a moral idea.²²

Now it seems fairly certain that either in the first or direct way, or in the second or indirect way, poetry is a criticism of life. There is no poet—except a very few moderns like Poe who are by no means universally acknowledged genuine poets—there is no poet, who does not either in the choice and treatment of his subject matter, or by direct remarks "on man, on nature, and on human life," offer us a criticism of life.

Having then a fundamentally fine and sound conception of poetry, it needs to be explained why Arnold on the basis of this conception formed at least two unjust estimates. Certainly he overrated Wordsworth and underrated Shelley. And he overrated Wordsworth, it seems, because he did not always lay sufficient stress upon the second part of his own definition. For, though it is true that the best poetry is a criticism of life, nevertheless no superiority in the breadth and richness of a poet's criticism of life will make up for a less noble and constant conformance to the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. That is the reason why, in spite of Arnold, Heine, for instance, is a greater poet than Wordsworth. Wordsworth undeniably offers us in some of his work

²² *Essays in Criticism*, Vol. II., pp. 141-143.

a deeper and more lasting joy than Heine; but in how little of his work does he conform thoroughly to the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty! But Heine never departs from these laws at all.

Again, Arnold judged Shelley's works at less than their worth because he did not include enough under his phrase, "criticism of life." In the "Cenci," in "Prometheus Unbound," Shelley certainly offers a criticism of life, and in regard to more intensely personal productions it may be urged that poetry is a criticism of life not only when it deals with the common life of men, but also when it deals with the experience of the poet's individual life.

But Arnold has other sayings on poetry, no less interesting and important than his famous definition: "Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things;" ²³ "The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them and of our relations with them;" ²⁴ "The substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness. To the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, the accent, is given by their diction, and even yet more by their movement." ²⁵

It is impressive to put these sayings together. They give a sense of massive critical power. And to these, Arnold's sayings on style may be added: "Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it." ²⁶ And, "the grand style (another famous phrase) arises

²³ *Essays in Criticism*, I., p. 161.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 81.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, II., pp. 21, 22.

²⁶ *Celtic Literature*, p. 105.

grand in poetry, when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject." ²⁷

When we turn from detached passages to Arnold's lectures and essays as wholes, we find in the earliest, the lectures on Homer, all his future ideas in the germ. Fully developed they were perhaps even then in his own mind, but not fully expressed. And these lectures on Homer, too, constitute nearly all the purely literary criticism which Arnold wrote until the last decade of his life, for the first series of the "Essays in Criticism" is evidently the first book bearing upon Arnold's fuller views of life.

The purpose of this volume and of nearly all succeeding volumes is announced in the first essay, "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and that purpose is "to pull out a few more stops in that powerful but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman."²⁸ And the function of criticism is to pull out these stops by denouncing vulgar self-satisfaction and by pointing out all that "will nourish us in growth toward perfection."²⁹

Looking at the Essays from this point of view, the purpose of each becomes clear. Besides this we must consider, however, that it was Arnold's temperament which to a great extent guided him in the choice of that which in his opinion would contribute to the perfecting of men. "The Literary Influence of Academies" is a warning against eccentricity and provinciality in style and scholarship. Maurice de Guérin's works are illustrative of the "magical power of poetry," "the interpretative power" gained in the medium of French prose. Eugénie de Guérin is an example of spiritual distinction contrasted with the lack of that quality in England. Heine is the indomitable Hellenist, whose example may at this time be salutary for England. He is a soldier in the liberation war of humanity. "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment" offers the contrast between Hellenism and Hebraism. "A Persian Passion Play," written long after these Essays, but

²⁷ On Translating Homer, p. 26.

²⁸ Essays in Criticism, I.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 40.

most fittingly added to the first series, shows the universality of certain religious emotions. Joubert is an instance of a man possessing the passion for perfection in its completeness. Spinoza represents a new way of dealing with the Bible, and is moreover "a man in the grand style." "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," finally, exemplify morality touched with emotion, which in Arnold's view is true religion. 2 AB

Now, although this volume contains one estimate which is perhaps wrong, and although it may be questioned whether the essays on the Guérins, with all their grace of matter and manner, are not wasted on rather insignificant subjects, it is yet one of the truest achievements of modern English literature. After the excessive insularity of previous critics of literature or life, after the genuine but at length irritating seerdom of Carlyle, here is a man who unites with a piercing insight a most noble impartiality. He is above all considerations, individual or national, as free from crochets as any one can well hope to be, bent only on seeing things as they really are.

Arnold's next volume brought the lectures on "Celtic Literature." As already said, they are unsatisfactory. A pretense at scientific method carried out with a smattering of knowledge at second hand is not easily pardonable. Fine poise, exquisite spiritual delicacy, will do much, how much we may see in Arnold's other works, but they cannot estimate racial characteristics in literature. When Arnold tells us that this quality of English literature is of Celtic origin, that of Norman, however carried away we may be by the persuasiveness of his manner, the point comes at which we ask: "Where is your evidence? Are passages from Ossian the ground of your conclusion?" No, work of this kind demands arduous labor, unflinching attention to attested facts, and Arnold brought neither to it.

But there are pleasant oases in this comparative desert, for the sake of which one will bear much. Most remarkable are a discussion of style in literature in which Arnold, perhaps the first critic to see it, suggests the absence of style in

1-2 German poetry, and the well-known passage on natural magic.

Between the publication of this volume and that of the second series of the "Essays in Criticism" Arnold wrote only two notable essays on literature: "A French Critic on Milton" and "A French Critic on Goethe." There is little of Arnold's own in the first of these essays. He contents himself with agreeing with Sherer, that Milton is great in spite of his matter and because of his style. But in the second essay is Arnold's final dictum on Goethe, a genuine critical achievement. "He is," says Arnold, "the clearest, the largest, the most helpful thinker of modern times. . . . The greatest poet of modern times . . . because, having a very considerable gift for poetry, he was at the same time, in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man."

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the second series of the "Essays in Criticism." The estimates of Wordsworth and of Shelley, I have sought to explain. The estimate of Byron is susceptible of the same explanation as the overestimate of Wordsworth. In the essay on Keats Arnold returns to the magical power of poetry, of which Keats was the chief exponent. "The Study of Poetry," which opens this volume, warns against historical and personal estimates of poetry and urges the adoption of the real estimate, pointing out the method by which one may arrive at this estimate.

In all these essays I have dwelt upon the main features only, hardly upon the perfection of phrase, the fine adequacy of every characterization. But this, and much smaller touches that appear only after the most careful attention, has in Arnold more generally a great deal to do with final effects than in most writers.

What convinces one more and more of the value of all these essays, of their perfectness of literary quality, is, that when all criticism is made, all untrue estimates apprehended, one returns to them with increasing zest. As is possible in the best literature alone, one anticipates favorite passages, after long acquaintance, with a deep and lasting pleasure. If the dicta

of these essays are not always true, they are always stimulating, and they arouse in us, when jaded by the best criticisms of other men, a renewed interest in the subjects they treat of, a more perfect appreciation of what is best in literature and life.

II.

"The treatment of politics with one's thoughts, or with one's imagination, or with one's soul, in place of the common treatment of them with one's philistinism and with one's passions, is the only thing which can reconcile, it seems to me, any serious person to politics." These memorable words occur in a letter of Arnold's dated 1854. They are memorable because Arnold does not formulate so distinctly or concisely the gist of his leading ideas in any of his published works as in these chance phrases. Substitute life for politics, and the very core of Arnold's teaching stands complete. It is well, perhaps, to begin with the negative part of this saying. Life should not be treated with one's philistinism and with one's passions.

Life should not be treated with one's philistinism. But what is philistinism? Arnold answers: "On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence—this is philistinism." This philistinism is represented by the Puritan middle classes, whose religion, for instance, "is the very lowest form of intelligential life which one can imagine," and who, above all, "have not enough added to their care for walking staunchly by the best light they have, a care that that light be not darkness." And these people have excluded from their lives all spiritual influences but that of religion. Four charges then, it seems to me, Arnold brings against the Puritan middle classes—that is to say, against the great bulk of the English and American people as Arnold saw them. The charges are, that the middle class has narrowed itself by concentration upon a crude religion; it is inaccessible to ideas; it fixes its faith upon material well-being; it has no care that its light be not darkness.

Arnold, then, is an apostle of the spirit, opposed to mate-

rial advantages unless they advance the life of the spirit, and in his last charge, in his urging to abandon stock notions, and to see things as they really are, he fights against the conventional, the mechanical,

das ewig Gestrige
Was immer war und immer wiederkehrt
Und Morgen gilt, weil's Heute hat gegolten.³⁰

Here he is at one with Carlyle. Carlyle's "dead dogs" are Arnold's stock notions. Carlyle's "gigmanity" is Arnold's philistinism. Both are apostles of the spirit applied to the conduct of life, destroying convention and striving to see things as they really are.

This thought, the central thought of Arnold's system, runs like a continuous stream even through his poetry.

The aids to noble life are all within.

In "Empedocles" he says:

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done thy fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.

Sink in thyself; there ask what ails thee, at that shrine.

And in another passage he sums up his whole teaching:

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.
And when it falls, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts we cannot wholly end.³¹

And the power by which this inner life is developed, formed, drawn out, is culture. "Culture is above all an inward operation," and "places human perfection in an internal condition." Its ideal of human perfection is "an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy." "Culture is a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know on all matters which most concern us, the best which has been said and thought in the world."

Arnold's idea of what true progress is shows why culture,

³⁰ Wallenstein's Tod., Act I., Sc. 4.

³¹ Poems, p. 251.

why an inward operation, is a panacea for the evils of society. "Human progress consists in the gradual increase in the number of those who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone, come to participate in the intellectual life also, and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind." This, then, being Arnold's idea of progress, his system stands complete. This progress is to be reached through culture; the instruments of culture are literature, art, philosophy; the critic is to point out the best in literature and art, that which is most conducive to culture, that which will exert the deepest formative influence on the human spirit.

Once more then: the fundamental thoughts which stand out in Arnold's works against a background of illustration and instances are these: "Progress consists in intellectualizing the masses in order that the conduct of life be carried on by intellect, not passion. Such progress must be reached through culture."

When men struggle for an idea, and when they see that idea approximately realized, it is not unnatural that they should rest satisfied, that they should cease looking beyond. In the latter days of the eighteenth century and in the early days of the nineteenth men fought for the democratic idea. The democratic idea is realized in England and America, and the masses rest satisfied. Given political liberty, they strive only for material well-being. Not only that, but they are apt to look with distrust upon any one who is not content with liberty and wealth. They are satisfied, satisfied in their achievements, in their well-being. So the *Times* reproached Arnold as one "whose dainty taste requires something more flimsy than the strong sense and sturdy morality of his fellow-Englishmen." The spirit is not unfrequent in America. Some of our more provincial newspapers are not unapt to adopt a similar tone toward anything beyond their sphere of ideas. As Arnold also saw, we think too much of the average man.

This self-satisfaction Arnold denounced in prose and poetry, and showed how men should rise above it.

Little in your prosperity
Do you seek counsel of the gods.
Proud, ignorant, self-adored, you live alone.

"We should try, so far as we can, to make up our shortcomings, and that to this end, instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature and our intellectual life generally are strong, we should from time to time fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive clearly what we have to amend." So it may also be said that Arnold taught us not to live without a never-failing consciousness of the ideal and of how far we fall short of it. Such consciousness is the passion for perfection, and culture is, as we have seen, a pursuit of our total perfection. And this applies not only to individuals but to nations, which "are not truly great solely because the individuals composing them are numerous, free, and active; but they are great when these numbers, this freedom, and this activity are employed in the service of an ideal higher than that of an ordinary man."

From whatever point, however, we regard Arnold's ideas (for he would have resented calling them doctrines), we must always return to the phrase, apostle of the spirit, and it may be added, of the whole spirit, not of any particular manifestation. The human spirit is made up of many powers: the power for conduct and the power for beauty, the power for intellect and knowledge, the power for social life and manners, and perfection means not perfection of any one of these but of all, harmonious perfection.

With all these ideas of Arnold's before us, it is easy to understand how he was an advocate of compulsory education,³² and how he bore for many years, almost without complaint, the drudgery of a school inspectorship, how nobly and laboriously he performed the work of bettering instruction in the English schools. And in education he was, of course, a defender of literature and the classics as opposed to the exclusive study of physical science. He made such a defense the subject of one of the discourses in America, "Literature

³² Friendship's Garland, p. 266-273.

and Science," one of his finest examples of alternate unobtrusive but irrefragible argument and quietly stinging irony.

Besides "Culture and Anarchy" and "Friendship's Garland," the complimentary books in which Arnold set forth his social or political ideas, Arnold wrote a number of other books: "Saint Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible"—laborious books, the main purpose of which was a helpful interpretation of the Bible in the light of modern criticism. Convinced of the truth of Strauss's, Baur's, and Renan's criticism of the Bible, he asked how may it yet retain its power, how may it be changed from a talisman to a teacher of righteousness?

We have seen that the chief quality of Arnold's poetry is restraint, that the chief quality of his Attic prose is restraint; also that he was most vitally influenced by those modern writers who realized in their best works the ideals of the ancients, restraint, calmness, perfection of form, and reasonableness. These are the traits of Arnold the artist.

Arnold the reformer preached culture, the cultivation of the intellect, the suppression of passion and prejudice. He preached reason and justice, which "have in them something persuasive and irresistible."

Consider these two aspects, and it becomes clear that just as such a man as Carlyle is primarily a moral force, so Arnold is primarily an intellectual force. Intellectual forces in literature are rarer than æsthetic or moral forces. To Arnold belongs the distinction of being the finest chiefly intellectual force in English literature.

He realized, moreover, his own ideal of a remarkable thinker, whose office it is "to throw into circulation a certain number of new and striking ideas and expressions, and to stimulate with them the thought and imagination of his century or of aftertimes." More than this, the ideas which Arnold threw out are in accordance with the spirit and the truth which must prevail in the modern world.

He is a poet of the finest and most lasting quality, a modern thinker of unusual significance, and the most charming and helpful of English critics.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S "ULYSSES."

A NEW poem or play from the author of "Marpessa" is a literary event of importance, and attracts at once the critic as well as the reader. This play has been awaited with especial interest, perhaps because Mr. Phillips had already displayed felicity and power in handling Greek themes. The events of the "Odyssey," or such of them as Mr. Phillips could use upon the stage, are compressed into three acts, introduced by a prologue on Mt. Olympus, the Homeric home of the gods. Here Athene prevails with Zeus against Poseidon, and wins permission for Ulysses to return home. The prologue can hardly be considered entirely successful; but the poet quickly makes amends in Act I., Scene 1, where a clear Homeric picture is given of the insolence of the suitors at the palace of Ulysses, of the impotent indignation and shame of Telemachus, now come to manhood, and of the despair of the much-patient Penelope. The scene closes with Penelope, left alone, stretching out her arms in the twilight, and crying:

Where art thou, husband? Dost thou lie even now
Helpless with coral, and swaying as the sea sways?
Or dost thou live, and art with magic held
By some strange woman on a lone sea isle?
Yet we are bound more close than by a charm;
By fireside plans and counsel in the dawn—
Like gardeners have we watched a growing child.
Thy son is tall, thou wilt be glad of him;
All is in order; by the fire thy chair,
Thy bed is smoothed, but now these hands have left it.
Thou knowest the long years I have not quailed,
True to a vision, steadfast to a dream,
Indissolubly married to remembrance;
But now I am so driven, I faint at last!
Why must my beauty madden all these wolves?
Why have the gods thus guarded my first bloom?
Why am I fresh, why young, if not for thee?
Come, come, Ulysses! Burn back through the world!
Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,
Ere 'tis too late, at the last, last instant come!

Scene 2, in Calypso's isle, is idyllic rather than dramatic, and contains some of the best poetry of the piece, vying in this respect with the final scene of the last act. The spell which Calypso, who is here endowed with the magic of Circe, has wrought upon the hero is well portrayed in the following lines, which betray doubtless the influence of Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters."

Calypso. Art thou content then, utterly content?

Ulysses. I'll drift no more upon the dreary sea.

No yearning have I now, and no desire.

Here would I be at ease upon this isle

Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,

With sward of parsley and of violet,

And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,

And smell of cedar sawn, and sandal wood,

And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.

But when Ulysses, released from the spell of Calypso by the wand of Hermes, longs once more for home, he speaks thus, in lines that have the note of distinction which especially characterizes Mr. Phillips as a poet:

Calypso. We fence and fence about; tell me the truth,

Why are you mad for home? I'll have the truth,

Once and once only, but the living truth.

Ulysses (in a wild burst). Then have the truth;

I speak as a man speaks;

Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.

This odorous, amorous isle of violets,

That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,

With brooding music over noontide moss,

And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—

Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers—

Rolls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see

Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,

Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,

The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud—

To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,

To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,

To spring alive upon her precipices,

And hurl the singing spear into the air;

To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,

And plunge into the midnight of her pines;

To look into the eyes of her who bore me,

And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy

Prove if my son be like my dream of him.

We two have played and tossed each other words;

Goddess and mortal we have met and kissed.
 Now am I ready for silence and for tears,
 For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ills,
 The mortal hands that make and smooth the bed.
 I am an-hungered for that human breast,
 That bosom a hive of sweet memories—
 There to lay my head before I die,
 There, there to be, there only, there at last!

From the beginning to the end of the scene the goddess Calypso is pure woman, but in this respect not unhomeric. We think of Homer's Nausicaa when we read:

Remember me a little when thou comest
 To thine own country. Say farewell to me,
 Not to the thought of me!

Act II., the descent to Hades to consult the shade of the seer Teiresias, I do not care for. It is not Homeric, but a trip to a very land of shadows. The spectacular doubtless imposes on the one who sees it, but it does not impress the reader who knows his Homer.

Scene I of Act III., representing the awakening of Ulysses on the island of Ithaca, is very good, and lines like the following well express the rapture of the Homeric warrior home again after twenty years:

O verdure to the sea-man that's come home!
 O light upon the land where I was born!
 O dear, dear Earth, thou warm mother of me,
 Art glad, art glad, in thy brown bosom; here
 I kiss and kiss thee; here I fling me down
 And roll and clasp and cover me with thee!

And the patient wife, who has been waiting all these twenty years, we feel is worthy of this returned wanderer—then before her unbeknownst—as she replies to the haughtiest of the suitors:

Splendid Antinous, I tell thee this:
 That if my husband on this moment came
 In by that door, even as yon beggar man,
 So bowed, so worn, so ragged, and so fallen,
 Him would I rather catch unto this heart
 And hold his holy ruins in my arms,
 Than touch thee in thy glory and thy strength.

The slaughter of the suitors may be on Mr. Phillips's stage splendidly spectacular, but a reader would be better satisfied

with the Greek device of a great description of it—say to Penelope, who was not present in Homer—from the mouth of an eyewitness, after the manner of the Exangelus in the "*Ædipus Tyrannus*" of Sophocles, or of the Angelus in the "*Medea*" of Euripides. Here it is all in the stage directions. At the close Ulysses says (solemnly):

First unto Zeus and to Athene praise!
Go all of you apart! even thou, my son,
And leave me with Penelope alone.

Then Athene, who also departs, says to the hero:

Thou art come home, Ulysses! Now farewell!
For violated laws are here avenged,
And I, who brought thee through those bitter years,
Those bitter years which make this moment sweet,
I, even, in this moment have no share.

Now, according to the stage directions, "Ulysses and Penelope slowly approach each other across the hall, with rapt gaze, hesitatingly." Then she is folded to his breast in silence, while the voice of the Minstrel is heard without, repeating the words of the song from the first act,

And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word.

Doubtless that seems all very well on the stage, but the reader cannot help recalling the great recognition scene in the twenty-third "*Odyssey*," where, after Ulysses's unfolding of the secret of the couch built by himself, Penelope exclaims at last:

Now I believe against my own belief.

And Homer goes on:

She ending a desire of weeping bred
Within him, and in tears the noble chief
Clasped his true wife, exulting in their glorious grief.

Sweet as to swimmers the dry land appears,
Whose bark Poseidon in the angry sea
Strikes with a tempest, and in pieces tears,
And a few swimmers from the white deep flee,
Crusted with salt foam, and with tremulous knee
Spring to the shore exulting; even so
Sweet was her husband to Penelope,

Nor from his neck could she at all let go
Her white arms, nor forbid her thickening tears to flow.

After reading the play three times, I must confess to feeling still something of disappointment, though less than at the first reading. I have always said that "Paolo and Francesca" was a more beautiful poem, though less strong as a drama, than "Herod." Simply as a poem, I do not feel "Ulysses" quite so much as I do "Paolo and Francesca," and as a drama "Herod" appeals to me more powerfully. Here, of course, the inevitable contrast with Homer is ever present, and this makes it harder for Mr. Phillips to cast his spell over the reader. And so Mr. Mabie's verdict seems sound: "The impression of the play as a whole is one of beauty, overshadowed by the consciousness that the material seems to demand another kind of treatment." One is still sure that Mr. Phillips is a poet far above the ordinary; it is not so clear that he is a great playwright, and the danger is that the poet may suffer at the hands of the playwright. He may—and he may not—win permanent fame as a dramatist; as a writer of dramatic idylls he would succeed greatly; and certainly "Marpessa" remains still his greatest performance.

It is interesting to hear that "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" are now holding the boards in two London theaters, and drawing so well that they are likely to run throughout the coronation season, though a London critic attributes the success of the dramas to their spectacular splendor.

CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

THE POETRY OF SIDNEY LANIER.

THERE has never been a sufficient investigation of Lanier's importance as a prose writer, and in view of this and the recent publication of the new edition of his works and collection of his magazine essays, there is a great temptation to devote this article to that side of the man. But though it has been often reviewed, there has not yet appeared—with the possible exception of Dr. Callaway's introduction to the "Select Poems"—any adequate appreciation, at once sympathetic and impartial, of Lanier's poetry, and so with the aid of our recent study of his life¹ this will be attempted here, as far as may be in the brief space allotted.

Even for this purpose it is a loss not to have first considered the prose works. They are intimately connected with the man and the poet; they throw much light on the subject-matter of the poems, and, what is more important, on his attitude to poetry itself, while the "Science of English Verse" contains the theory of versification on which most of his poems were consciously written.

It is exactly this scientific side of the man, his broad scientific attainments, that raise the first presumption against his success as a poet, and many believe that in fact it proved a detriment. But Lanier himself forcibly combats this idea. "The trouble with Poe," he writes, "is that he did not know enough," and we have seen how he traced the defects in Schumann and others to a lack of broad knowledge. So he says, in the "English Novel," "You need not dream of winning the attention of sober people with your poetry unless that poetry and your soul behind it are informed and saturated with at least the largest final conceptions of current science." And is he not fundamentally right? Since poetry is, according to the oldest and best definition, distinguished from prose by being more true (*φιλοσοφώτερον*), how can

¹Sewanee Review, July, 1900.

that higher truth be without a thorough knowledge of the lower?

Another prevalent idea is that his essentially musical genius and his "divided devotion between the sister arts" worked a constant injury to his poetry. It is true that it was at times a hindrance, but—as will be shown later—it was an important element in his most successful poems. And it is worth something to have added almost a new land to the territory of poetry, even if later writers are to profit more than its discoverer.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
That high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

There is another popular misconception which should be noticed here. It is the idea advanced by various critics that Lanier's earlier pieces, written before he attempted to apply his theories and the slighter poems in which these theories were not used, are the most successful. But the truth seems to be that most of the faults of the poems are due to peculiarities of style traceable in the prose writings, and not at all connected with his musical theories; while in his poetry, as in his prose, there is a marked improvement both in the style and thought. There is in his earliest translation (1864) a phrase "silent in a most sad calm" as bad as any due to a striving for musical effects. In "Wilhelmina" there are unnecessary compounds and some harsh words, unusual Saxon words in "Barnacles," and an unbridled imagination in "June Dreams in January." Moreover, in comparing "Song for Jacquerie," the one beginning "May the Maiden," "Evening Song," "Marsh Song," and "Marsh Song at Sunset," or "The Waving of the Corn," "The Dove," "The Bee," we find a steady improvement, as also in a comparison of "Corn" with "Sunrise."

The peculiarities of Lanier's style with reference to its vocabulary and phrasings are due to two idiosyncrasies—his love for early English words and turns of expression, and his love for music. Under each there are instances of harsh or

infelicitous use, and others, perhaps more in number, where the effect is most successful. A constantly recurring peculiarity is his use of "fain," for which he seems to have a great love; and though reason says that it is good Anglo-Saxon and justified, at least in poetry, its unnaturalness always causes a shock. Another frequently recurring expression which Lanier claimed as a right is "for to." Other such unfortunate expressions due to the early English influence are "wafture," "dole"—which in some places is excellent—"tilth," "maw," "conventicle;" while "gospelling gloom," "yon trim Shakspeare," and many others that cannot be properly judged away from their context go to the other side of the account. To music are due "mulched and unsavory with death," "purfling," "dreams-a-dream," "made song," and many other strained phrases, which his tendency toward undue condensation increased; but there are also "lull sings a little brook," "the rattling bucket plumps souse down the well," "humped and fishy sea," "huge and muddling sea," and others equally as good.

To both these peculiarities is due Lanier's fondness for compounds, a tendency he shares with several modern poets, but carries farther than any. There are more than seventy compounds in the "Symphony" alone. In many cases these are only a matter of spelling, the sense being just the same if a hyphen is not used, as in "sky-slope," "heart-beats," "true-love," though the hyphen adds a touch of poetry; some, as "no-tongued," "all-shaped," "lotos-sleeps," are harsh; while many are beautiful, as "Long chords change-marked with sobbing," "And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so," "Broad-fronted ferns and keen-leaved canes," "Servant all love-eloquent," "Blind to lips kiss-wise set," "How piteous-false the poor decree."

But it is again idle to quote more. Perhaps a defect may be correctly gauged away from its context, but it is certain that no beauty is the same thus torn away.

Other characteristics of Lanier's style are frequently long and sometimes involved sentences and a tendency to over-condensation, of both of which the poem "To Bayard Taylor"

furnishes an extreme instance; another is the oft-recurring use of overstrained figures. But once more, if it is in many places a defect, it is also a cause of many beauties. There are few things in any poetry more beautiful, for instance, than the figures in the "Marshes of Glynn."

A recent critic has summed up all Lanier's work by the word over-italicized. This is indeed true, but it is not all the truth. All of his work is highly colored, but we have found from the letters that he recognized this as a fault and strove to correct it. Though he did not entirely succeed, in his later and simpler pieces, he may be said to have fairly attained the white light, and in the descriptive poems a harmonious coloring.

Though the poetry of Lanier is contained in some two hundred pages, there is considerable variety both in theme and character, a range going all the way from the dialect poems to the "Hymns of the Marshes."

In the dialect pieces there is a constant play of humor and much shrewd and homely wisdom. The dialect, so far as it is possible to represent it in spelling, is perfectly accurate. But it does not get over the inherent unreality of such writing—from its very form and a thought not always in accordance with its dress—and is not equal to the best work in that class, as may be easily seen by a comparison with the "Biglow Papers." "Thar's more in the man than thar is in the land," is perhaps the best; "Jones's Private Argymment" has a present day interest, as it explains why a year of a short cotton crop and higher prices is invariably followed by one of a large crop; and the "Power of Prayer" is interesting compared with the similar story told in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age," from which it probably originated through the medium of a ten-line newspaper paragraph, outlining the incident without referring to its source.

Turning to the shorter lyrics, we find many beautiful: "Between Dawn and Sunrise," "Rose Morals, Red" (the "White" is not pleasing), "To —— with a Rose," "A Song of the Future," "A Song of Love," "The Stirrup Cup," "The Dove," "Evening Song," and the "Marsh Song at Sunset."

As the first is new, appearing only in the last edition of the "Poems," it may be given here:

BETWEEN DAWN AND SUNRISE.

Were silver pink, and had a soul,
Which soul were shy, which shyness might
A visible influence be, and roll
Through heaven and earth—'twere thou, O light!

O rhapsody of the wraith of red,
O blush but yet in prophecy,
O sun-hint that hath overspread
Sky, marsh, my soul, and yonder sail.

These poems illustrate the best results from Lanier's musical ideas. Simple and moving, they show variable meter, alliteration, syzygy, adaptation of the sound to the sense, and are musical to the last degree. Only one of these short songs is faulty, "Special Pleading," which is full of strained and unusual expressions.

In a little higher key are "A Song of Eternity in Time," and "A Ballad of Trees and the Master." The latter as being the most pathetic—it is much more than that—of all the lyrics, and very short, may be quoted:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

If this little poem is thought beautiful at first reading, a study of it increases this feeling of beauty. Perfectly simple, with no unusual word used, except "forspent," the lines are

exquisitely musical. Next, one notices the peculiar felicity of the expressions. Repeated readings increase the sense of beauty and produce an effect comparable only to that of a picture of the scene by a master hand.

Another group may be made of poems somewhat longer written on a special occasion or to point a moral. Of these "To Bayard Taylor," which has already been mentioned, is so condensed as to defy understanding at the first reading and is open to severe criticism, but a second perusal will reveal some noble thoughts; "To Beethoven" is also condensed and is not wholly successful; while "To Richard Wagner," "At First," "To Charlotte Cushman," "The Bee," "Tampa Robins," and "A Florida Sunday" are excellent. In the last, as in "Remonstrance," and in "How Love Looked for Hell"—where the thought, that no hell can be where love is, is admirably worked out—there is given most of Lanier's religion and some of his main points in his message to the age.

To this group belongs "The Crystal," where much of the criticism is good, and that of Shakespeare and Homer characteristic of the man, who wished that men might be "maids in purity." It should, however, be remembered that the plan of the poem requires a special reference to the faults and not the merits of each writer. The last part is especially good:

Yea, all you hearts,
Of beauty, and sweet righteous lovers large;
Aurelius fine, oft superfine; mild saint
A Kempis, over mild; Epictetus,
While low in thought, still with old slavery tinct;
Rapt Behmen, rapt too far; high Swedenborg,
O'ertoppling; Langley, that with but a touch
Of art hadst sung Piers Plowman to the top
Of English songs, whereof 'tis dearest, now,
And most adorable; Cædmon, in the morn
A-calling angels with the cowherd's call
That late brought up the cattle; Emerson
Most wise, that yet, in finding Wisdom, lost
Thy Self, sometimes; tense Keats, with angels' nerves
Where men's were better; Tennyson, largest voice
Since Milton, yet some register of wit
Wanting; All, all, I pardon, ere 'tis asked,
Your more or less, your little mole that marks
You brother and your kinship seals to man.

But thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's comrade, Servant, King, or Priest
What *if* or *yet*, what more, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace,
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's or death's—
O, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?

Like many other poets, Lanier used the sonnet to express his most intimate feelings; though there is no large collection on any one theme. Most of them are in the English or Shakespearean form, which is never so pleasing if only because of the comparison it invokes. But it must be acknowledged that he is successful as a sonneteer, and one cannot but wish that he had written more.

The one which has been most quoted, "The Mocking Bird," is to the present writer among the least attractive. All its beauties do not atone for the lines

. . . Bounced airily along
The Sward, pitched in a grasshopper, made song
Mid flight.

The sonnet in German, "An Frau Nannette Falk-Auerbach," is rather pleasing, more so than in its English form; that to Charlotte Cushman is also good. Of the sonnets to his wife, those in the second group, "Acknowledgment," are the better, though one in the first, "In Absence," beginning

Let no man say, "He at his lady's feet,"

is nearly as good. The ending in "Laus Mariæ,"

O sweet, my pretty sum of history,
I leapt the breadth of Time in loving thee!

is wonderful; but the best of these sonnets, and one almost if not quite perfect, is the third in "Acknowledgment:"

If I do ask, How God can dumbness keep
While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time,
Stabbing his saintliest children in their sleep,
And staining holy walls with clots of crime?

Or, How may He whose wish but names a fact
 Refuse what miser's-scanting of supply
 Would richly glut each void where man hath lacked
 Of grace or bread?—or, How may Power deny
 Wholeness to th' almost folk that hurt our hope—
 These heart-break Hamlets who so barely fail
 In life or art that but a hair's more scope
 Had set them fair on heights they ne'er may scale?
 Somehow by thee, dear Love, I win content;
 Thy Perfect stops the Imperfect's argument.

Another sonnet which seems to have been overlooked by the critics is worth giving because it is Petrarchian in form, and almost Elizabethan in its tone and manner:

THE HARLEQUIN OF DREAMS.

Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,
 Dim-paneled in the painted scene of sleep,
 Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap
 Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,
 Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,
 And all familiar Forms that firmly keep
 Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep
 Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.
 Yet thou canst more than mock; sometimes my tears
 At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign
 Thou hast a heart; and oft thy little leaven
 Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.
 In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,
 I think thou'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!

It is interesting to compare this with the sonnets on "Sleep" given by Lanier in "A Forgotten English Poet," by Bartholomew Griffin, Daniel, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Sidney. It is enough to say that it stands the comparison.

In another species of poetry, the "Ballad," Lanier has made only one attempt and that a notable success—the "Revenge of Hamish." It is a versification of a story in William Black's strange novel, "MacLeod of Dare," and once more there is an opportunity to compare the effect of poetry and prose. The difference is truly wonderful. The poem has been highly praised, but not too highly. Nothing could be better than its conclusion, which very properly, since the ballad tells a tragedy, serves as a purgation of the feelings of pity and ter-

ror that it arouses. It should be read in connection with the whole to get the effect.

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip-dripped in the brine,

And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,

And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,

And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to shine.

This is even finer than the somewhat similar ending of Schiller's "*Der Taucher*," which has been so much admired.

Wohl hört man die Brandung, wohl kehrt sie zurück,

Sie verkündigt der donnernde Schall;

Da buckt sich's hinunter mit liebendem Blick,

Es kommen, es kommen die Wasser all,

Sie rauschen herauf, sie rauschen nieder,

Den Jüngling bringt keines wieder.

The effect of the two endings is exactly the same; but if anything, that of Lanier's is the finer. There are other points of resemblance between the poem, their departure from the ordinary ballad meter and line arrangement; though retaining its effect and the genuine ballad spirit; the apparent simplicity with which the story is told in a succession of bold strokes where every line tells; and the steady progress to a tragic climax. It would be high praise to say "*The Revenge of Hamish*" is a better ballad, but one is almost tempted to go so far. And it would be difficult to find another ballad in English of which as much might be said.

This is one of the pieces that Stedman says succeeds because Lanier has not applied his musical ideas. But Lanier calls it "*An Experiment in Logædic Dactyls*," nor can we find anywhere in his poems a more complete concord of sense and form. There is as much adaptation of the two as in "*A Song of the Chattahoochee*," though necessarily in a different way. In the one case it goes unobserved toward increasing the general effect; in the other it takes the easily recognized shape of onomatopœia. Of this "*A Song of the Chattahoochee*" is an excellent specimen, but almost alone of Lanier's poems, the beautiful form is not accompanied by a deeper merit of sense.

Of the longer poems there is none without some fault, but

their merit is exceedingly various. "The Psalm of the West" is the poorest of all. It is the extreme of high coloring and, as Dr. Callaway says, leaves one "bramble-tangled in a brilliant maze." It is too long by half, and it is not easy to see its purport until one arrives at the end.

"Corn," while it contains many good passages, as the one beginning

Yet ever piercest downward in the mold

and the apostrophe to the "Old Hill," is yet, on the whole, not a success. There are some lines of mere recitative, the meaning is often much involved, and it furnishes illustrations of all the above noted faults of style. Though there is, in spite of all, enough beauty of form and depth of meaning to enable one to understand why its publication was taken to show the advent of no ordinary poet, it is a pity that he is still so generally judged by it instead of his later and more successful efforts.

In many things the next poem in date, "The Symphony," is the greatest of all. In its message it is the most significant, and in its form—at least to the musical ear—almost flawless. But criticism goes all the way from calling it "a mass of nebulous recitative"² to a comparison with Tennyson's "Maud,"³ which finds a similarity in the two poems, and almost equal, though different merit. Perhaps it is another instance of the fact that Lanier's poetry appeals most to the musically inclined, and not at all to some people. As to the present writer, the effect of repeated readings has always been that of a real symphony, and it has been impossible to discover the lines of meaningless recitative.

"Clover" is another poem about which there are varying opinions. It would almost seem that it appeals to exactly the taste that condemns the "Symphony." To me it is, next to the "Psalm of the West," the least attractive of all the poems. The central idea, of the clover heads turned poets and time, the Course-of-Things, as an ox, while characteristic of the author, is by no means a successful example of his

² Stedman in "Poets of America."

³ F. F. Browne, editor of the *Dial*, quoted by Callaway.

fondness for unusual personifications. Though there are some excellent lines, as

The incalculable Up-and-Down of time—

The artist's market is the heart of man—

and the conclusion,

The End of Means is art that works by love,

The End of Ends . . . in God's beginnings lost—

they do not redeem the faulty conception of the whole. With the exception of the "Crystal," it is the only finished poem in which Lanier has used blank verse. In both, but especially in the former, he may be said to succeed with that difficult medium, at least in comparison with other modern poets. But along with them he falls far short of the standard set by Shakespeare and Milton.

Something ought also to be said about the "Centennial Cantata." So far from being a typical embodiment of Lanier's musical ideas, it is in contradiction of two he considered fundamental⁴—that music does not have any meaning intelligible to the intellect, and that poetry and music, though interrelated, have distinct spheres. We have seen that it was written under limitations which he clearly recognized. It should not be considered as a poem, but as an example of words to programme music, a libretto to the cantata and a part of it. So taken and tested by the performance of the whole, it has generally been considered a success—which it certainly is not as a poem.

There remain the longer poems in the "Hymns of the Marshes," "Sunrise," and "The Marshes of Glynn." Of the two, perhaps because of the difference in the way they were written, the first is the nearer perfect, but the "Sunrise" is the greater. It would be easy to show their faults, but even these are minimized in the general effect, and any attempt to reveal their merits would fail that did not give the whole poem. In pure description there is nothing finer, and through the

⁴See under "Music and Poetry" and "Science of English Verse," *supra*. But Lanier's application of the first idea was variable and not wholly consistent. We have seen that music was always full of meaning to him, and it is hard to see the distinction as to how it came.

deeper meaning that they find in the simple phenomena of nature they develop a moral teaching, thoroughly artistic because brought out of the scenes themselves and not forced in from outside, that raises them immeasurably above mere description. In "Sunrise" perhaps the best passages are the one beginning

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storm,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms, etc.;

and, too, the one beginning with

O what if a sound should be made!

the wonder description of the approach of dawn.

"The Marshes of Glynn" is full of beautiful metaphors, such as

But now when the moon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream;

And such single lines as

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know;

and

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet
limbs of a girl;

but the best part still is the conclusion.

This conclusion is noticeable because the rest of the poem is so highly wrought it would seem difficult to make an adequate ending. But it affords a distinct rise in thought, and leaves us satisfied. Indeed, in almost all Lanier's poems, even the simplest, the arrangement is good, and there is a gradual rise of the thought to a climax, and one that is almost always fitting and adequate.

Perhaps there is no better way to suggest—for it is impossible to describe it—the effect of these poems on the reader, than by a little verse of Geibel which seems especially to apply

Ein gut Gedicht ist wie ein Schöner Traum,
Es zieht dich in sich, und du merkst es kaum; . . .
Du schaust und trinkst im Schau'n Vergessenheit,
Und gleich als hättest du im Schlaf geruht,
Steigst du erfrischt aus seiner Klaren Flut!

One poem has been omitted, about which all opinions seem to unite, one that is simple and nearly or quite perfect, and that alone would almost insure the fame of its author. It thus furnishes a fitting last glimpse of the poems:

MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death.

Thronged, like two dovecotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves.

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace.

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
 Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet—
 I marvel that God made you mine,
 For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

The judgments as to Lanier's worth as a poet are exceedingly various. Mr. Stedman,⁵ while criticising adversely "Corn" and "The Symphony," praises the shorter pieces, and says that "Sunrise" and "The Marshes of Glynn" go far toward vindicating his method. He thinks that his poetry is weakened by a tendency to didacticism.

Mr. Henry S. Pancoast, in his introduction to "American Literature," writes that Lanier is, "in the opinion of many, the greatest literary genius that the South has yet produced. . . . To him, art was a revelation through a beautiful body of a beautiful soul in the work. . . . There is [in his poetry] an inspiring loftiness of thought, a deep sympathy with the life of nature, and at times a wonderful lyrical and poetic beauty, and an accent of originality, which among our American poets is rare indeed. . . . With all its shortcomings, Lanier's work is a noble and beautiful addition to American poetry, and there is none among our poets whose life is more stainless, more lofty, and more inspiring. He unites the Southern warmth with the Northern intellect. His poetry is more glowing, more passionate, and perhaps even more enduring than that of the New England school."

Mr. Gosse says of Lanier that he is "never simple, never easy, never in one single lyric natural and spontaneous for more than one stanza." On the other hand, an anonymous writer in the *London Spectator*, quoted by Dr. Callaway, thinks Lanier "the most original of all American poets, and more original than any England has produced for the last thirty years;" and Madame Th. Benzon (Madame Blanc, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,⁶ calls Poe and Lanier the Ahriman and Ormuzd of Baltimore, and says that the latter is "essentially a poet in the transcendental sense of that title, no mere artificer in rhymes, but an exceptional being, penetrated with the sense of the sacredness of the beau-

⁵ Supra. ⁶ *Littell's Living Age*, May 14, 21, 1898.

tiful, and capable of realizing the ideal he himself has proclaimed in the piece entitled 'Life and Song.' Lanier does sometimes soar as high as the greatest of American poets, even Whitman. [Is Whitman the greatest?] He is more truly a poet in the absolute sense of seer, magician, a *trouvère*, than some who are considered stars of the first magnitude."

Doubtless these different judgments are due to different ideas about poetry, as to which Lanier's works raise several fundamental questions.

One is the importance of a broad knowledge as a necessary basis; another is as to the value of the musical element in poetry. Both of these have already been considered, and it need only be added as to the latter that it must inevitably depend on the taste of the individual, and as to the former that it is true of poetry, as Lanier so aptly says of the novel, that it is a union of science and imagination, only in it the union must be so complete that it amounts to a transmutation of the lower element.

Another question, whether Lanier's work is not too consciously formal to rank as good poetry, involves the deeper one of the relative merit of conscious and unconscious art, of that which is essentially subjective and that which is objective in effect. Lanier would say that the conscious and successful use of form is necessary for both classes. But while this is in one sense true, there is none the less a well-recognized distinction between the two, and Lanier's poetry belongs entirely to the former. But if there are Shakespeare and Goethe in one class, there are Virgil and Milton in the other, and that the conscious use of even the most difficult form does not preclude the most perfect success in verse, the one case of *Lycidas* is enough to prove. True it is that a difficult form is the touchstone of a genuine poet, and in some of Lanier's poetry it shows him wanting, but in his highest work he stands the test.

Still another question raised is as to the propriety of a moral purpose in art. For all Lanier's poetry is permeated with moral purpose; and it must be that all who prefer art for art's

sake will find fault. Others, who think with Lanier that all true art is necessarily moral, and do not object to a moral teaching so long as it does not degenerate into a moral, there will be few places to criticise.

It has been seen that Lanier's poetry has beauty of form, and a higher truth based on the lower. It has also a genuine σπουδαίους. More than is usual with modern poets, he was a "seer" with a message and a mission, and he gave his life to its fulfillment. It is this that gives his work a remarkable unity, one that almost atones for his never having written a great poem. Though he never finished his "Jacquerie," it is as if he had embodied its thought in all his poetry. The central idea of it all is the all-importance of Love, a love that abhors trade so far as it is destructive to life, upholds true chivalry as a beautiful embodiment of one's duty to his neighbor, prizes nature and man because both are brothers, and leads through music up to God.

It is not in accordance with our purpose to attempt a decision in regard to Lanier's rank as a poet, even if it were now possible to make one. But some things may yet be said, in conclusion, that throw some light on the decision of the future. As he expresses and typifies all that is best in the highest type of Southern character, a type that is passing as to its external peculiarities, but not as to its essentials, he is sure to be increasingly the poet of the South. If his ideas about the importance of music as the art of the future are correct (and it seems they are), his methods will be more and more used, perhaps more successfully, and his fame increased. Now ranked by many above Poe, he may then be placed above any American poet. One thing is certain: his best poetry is sure of immortality, as is the man himself, for the world is better because he lived and wrote.

WINFIELD P. WOOLF.

THE SELF-REVELATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S VILLAINS.

¶ THE use of "asides" and soliloquies in the plays of Shakespeare and other dramatists is at best but a stage device, a dramatic makeshift. The absurdity of making a character say in an "aside" things which the other actors are not supposed to hear, though heard perfectly well by every one in the audience, must be apparent to any one who will give the matter but a moment's thought. In like manner, the use of monologue is a convention arising from the impossibility of communicating thought except by means of words. Clearly, such artificial devices can be justified only on condition that they perform some useful function, giving an insight into character or motive, and thus producing a clearer understanding of the play. In the plays of Shakespeare, it will be found that this end is admirably served, and that not only is the use of soliloquies and "asides" justified, but in many cases absolutely indispensable.

✓ In the villains of Shakespeare's plays there is a class like Richard, Edmund, and Iago, generally expressing themselves very freely in soliloquy, which, while to some extent revealing character, is chiefly valuable on account of the inside knowledge afforded of motive and intrigue. In general, the characters of this class are suspicious and not inclined to confide their plans and motives to others; the other actors, as a rule, know nothing of these intrigues, which, however, are rendered perfectly plain to the audience by means of soliloquies introduced at various stages of the action.

All the members of this class have certain characteristics in common. None of them show developing character; they are apparently as wicked at the beginning of the play as at the end; they show no growth in wickedness, though they may show increasing skill in the art of villainy. But while strongly drawn, they cannot in the very nature of the case offer such rich material for character-study as another class

like Angelo and Macbeth, also to be treated, whose characters develop before us. They show great intellectual activity and almost inexhaustible resources; they exhibit in varying degrees the qualities of cunning, deceit, and hypocrisy; and they are characterized by an almost absolute lack of conscience.

[In the case of Richard III., we have a great many asides and soliloquies, some of them very long, giving an insight into his plans and motives, and revealing something of his character. We see in them the ambitious, scheming, hypocritical, unscrupulous man who delights in villainy, not as Aaron, Don John, and Iago in villainy for its own sake, but in villainy with an ulterior object in view. For this reason, although he exhibits considerable skill in the art of villainy, we cannot regard him as being quite such an artist in his work as those representatives of this group who exhibit something of the artist's devotion to art for art's sake, with apparently no object in view, or at least a very insignificant one. Therefore, although in King Richard the results of villainy are more disastrous and more far-reaching than in any other of Shakespeare's villains, we cannot regard him as the ideal villain, an honor which belongs to Iago.

Richard utters his first important soliloquy in the third part of "Henry VI.," III., ii. 124-195. This is the first intimation of his ambition, which, with his plots and intrigues for attaining the throne and for getting rid of his enemies, forms the theme of all his soliloquies.

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

Next to Macbeth, King Richard is Shakespeare's best example of unrighteous, unrestrained ambition acting as a great, overmastering passion. He resolves to overcome every obstacle that lies in the way of attaining his object, and to do this by any means, no matter how unscrupulous; to

practice all forms of deceit and hypocrisy, and to murder if need be all who stand in his way. He says:

I can add colors to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

We know in the sequel how perfectly he carries out all of these determinations.

After brutally murdering King Henry, he speaks in another monologue of his physical deformity and of his moral depravity. Like Iago, he is a villain with full consciousness of his wickedness, and, however much he may practice the arts of dissimulation with others, he is very candid with himself:

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;

Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.

(III. Henry VI., V., vi., 68-93.)

The play of "Richard III." opens with a soliloquy in which the king gives some of his characteristic observations. He speaks of the peace that has come since Edward has been established on the throne and of the luxury and licentiousness which have followed the sterner employments of war. However, "cheated of feature by dissembling nature," and by his physical deformity rendered unfit for the pleasures of society, he takes no delight "in this weak piping time of peace," and continues,

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other.

Almost every action of Richard's is preceded by a soliloquy. In I., i., 145-162 he declares his intention to incense the mind of King Edward against the unfortunate Clarence, thus causing his death. He expresses his deep satisfaction at the serious illness of the king, and makes known his purpose of wooing and marrying Lady Anne, whose husband and father-in-law he has recently murdered! The scene in which Richard stops the funeral procession of King Henry VI., and woos and wins the chief mourner, who at first meets him with a perfect torrent of abuse, is the most superb example of audacity, perhaps, in the realm of literature. The whole scene is so impossible, so preposterous, so absolutely absurd as to strike us as ludicrous, and the humor of the situation does not escape Richard, who immediately comments on it in soliloquy (I., ii., 228-264):

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

— A characteristic example of Richard's matchless hypocrisy is recorded in the soliloquy I., iii., 324-338:

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness—
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen from holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Schlegel has observed that "in hypocrisy he is particularly fond of using religious forms, as if actuated by a desire of profaning in the service of hell the religion whose blessings he had inwardly abjured." This is further exemplified in the scene where Richard appears between two bishops, with a prayer book in his hand as if fresh from his devotions, and accepts with apparent reluctance and after long persuasion the crown that is offered him by Buckingham and his col-

leagues. For consummate skill in the arts of dissimulation, Richard has no superior.

In an aside (III., i., 79) he says, speaking of the young prince, his nephew:

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

And further on (III., v., 106-109):

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight, etc.

After he has become king he plans the death of Buckingham, by whose aid chiefly he had attained the throne and whose power and influence he now seems to fear (IV., ii., 43). He is fulfilling completely his resolution to "set the murderous Machiavel to school."

For political purposes he proposes to marry young Elizabeth, his brother's daughter and, after the death of her brothers, the rightful heir to the throne. By marrying her and murdering her two brothers, he hopes to establish himself firmly on the throne. Here again it is in soliloquies that Richard shows his unlimited audacity (IV., ii., 61-66; iii., 36-43).

The night before the fatal battle of Bosworth Field, the ghosts of those whom Richard had murdered appear before him and pronounce upon him in succession the awful curse, "Despair and die!" Starting up from sleep, as the enormity of his crimes and the horrors of the other world loom up before him, he gives utterance to expressions of terror and remorse surpassed only by the famous sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth. He who through life had been devoid of conscience is at the last scourged by its pitiless lashes:

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.

It is hardly necessary to discuss at length the characters of Aaron, Don John, and Iachimo, as they possess very few traits which are not found exemplified, generally very much better, in the other members of this group. Aaron, in the play of "Titus Andronicus," is not a character in the true sense of the word, but more of a stock figure. Don John, in "Much Ado," gives us the only example of absolutely motiveless villainy, but, unlike all of the others, he utters no soliloquies. Iachimo, in "Cymbeline," exhibits so many points of similarity to Iago that we are almost inclined to regard him as a conscious imitation, though inferior, of the more famous prototype.

A more important character is Edmund, the villain in "King Lear," who differs from the other representatives of this group, with the exception of Iachimo, in that he repents of his misdeeds in the end, and desires to do at least one good act before he dies—namely, to save the life of Cordelia. Aaron regrets that he has ever committed a good deed, and declares that he would do ten thousand times worse if he had the opportunity; Iago is sullen and indifferent; Don John disappears before the end of the play, but we have no intimation of his repentance; King Richard, though lashed by the scourge of remorse, is thoroughly consistent, and gives no reason to believe that he would be any different if he had his life to live over.

In the case of Edmund, the motive is not hard to find; it is covetousness; he wishes to possess himself of the inheritance of his brother. The presence of an ulterior object prevents Edmund, as it prevented Richard III., from being such an artist in villainy as Iago, in whose case the ulterior motive is insignificant. Iago belongs to that class who seem to be the dyed-in-the-wool sinners, the incarnate devils, devoid of conscience and remorse, holding out to the end defiant or indifferent. But the former finally break down, exhibiting either genuine repentance or terrible remorse, and although they make use of villainy for a purpose, it is not, after all, an essential part of their nature.

The results of Edmund's villainy are very disastrous. Like

Aaron and Iago, he destroys the harmony of families. He is directly or indirectly the cause of the banishment of Edgar, of his father's losing his eyes, and of the deaths of Lear, Cordelia, Goneril, and Regan. These results are far worse than he had at first contemplated, one crime leading to others. Like all of the villains, Edmund is endowed with a good intellect and with a strong, energetic will. His character, however, is neither so strongly drawn nor so interesting as that of Iago or King Richard. This is due in large part, no doubt, to the fact that he occupies a more or less subordinate position in the play. The number of soliloquies is comparatively small, and the insight they give into character and motive is not great.

Coleridge regards pride as the besetting sin of Edmund. Among the chief causes of the evil in his character is his shameful birth, the thought of which is a continual thorn in the flesh, wounding his pride to the quick, causing a feeling of jealousy toward his legitimate brother, and of resentment toward his father, "who, for a moment's selfish pleasure, had degraded and stained his entire life."

When Edmund first enters on the scene, it is in a soliloquy, in which he comments on his illegitimacy and makes known his determination to possess himself of Edgar's inheritance.

Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate, etc. (I., ii., 1-22.)

In order to arouse the suspicion of his father against his brother, he forges his brother's name to a letter containing a conspiracy against the life of their father. He uses the same kind of feigned hesitancy which is employed with consummate skill by Iago. When Gloucester demands the letter of him, he hesitates to give it up, and attempts to excuse his brother on the ground that he has written the letter to test his (Edmund's) fidelity, the lameness of which plea he of course fully recognizes.

With characteristic candor he acknowledges to himself his villainy, and rather glories in it (I., ii., 128-144). He

makes capital of the unsuspecting nature of his father and brother:

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit.

(I, ii, 195-200.)

It is in the same manner in which Iago takes advantage of the unsuspecting Othello to arouse his jealousy against Cassio and Desdemona.

There are so many points of resemblance between Edmund and Iago that we cannot help thinking that Shakespeare had the latter in mind when he drew the character of the former. With both, the element of deception and hypocrisy largely enters, and with neither one are the real motives suspected: Gloucester firmly believes in the sincerity of Edmund as Othello does in that of Iago. Both Iago and Edmund make use of circumstantial evidence, seemingly of the most convincing sort. There is a mock duel in which Edmund inflicts a wound upon himself, making it appear that he has received it while defending himself against Edgar. As a result of his scheme, Edgar is banished and his inheritance confiscated.

False to his brother, Edmund now turns traitor to his father. He proposes to betray his father's confidence, and arouses the displeasure of the Duke of Cornwall, causing his father to be deprived of lands and title. Again avarice is the motive.

This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

(III, iii., 22-26.)

The villainy of Edmund in this case is all the grosser because of the love of his father for him.

In another soliloquy (V., i., 55-69) he reveals the predicament he is in with the sisters Regan and Goneril:

To both these sisters have I sworn my love, etc.

He also plans in this soliloquy the murder of Lear and Cordelia, and intimates the murder of Albany. For this crime he offers no reason, but the natural inference is that it is his plan to get rid of them to marry Goneril and make himself king. There is thus more of a growth in crime than is exhibited in the case of the others.

While in the end Edmund repents of his crimes, he dies of wounds received in the duel with his brother Edgar. At this tragic period in Shakespeare's career he felt that even the repentant villain must not go unpunished, though in his later and more cheerful romantic period the repentant Iachimo is forgiven and suffers none of the penalties of his deeds.

But it is Iago who is Shakespeare's ideal villain, and the one most strongly drawn. Several striking points of resemblance between him and Edmund have already been pointed out. Iago also reminds us of Aaron in his diabolical nature, and of Don John in the almost motiveless character of his malignity. If not exactly diabolical, he is at least horribly abnormal. If there is such a thing as an incarnate devil, we are inclined to think it is Iago, and to say with Othello,

I look down toward his feet; but that's a fable.

Mr. Dowden remarks very appropriately: "Shakespeare would have us believe that, as there is a passion of goodness with no motive but goodness itself, so there is also a dreadful capacity in the soul for devotion to evil independently of motives, or out of all proportion to such motives as may exist. Iago is the absolute infidel, for he is devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue. . . . Iago finds it right and natural to live in a world in which all men are knaves or fools and all women are that which Desdemona is unable to mention."

Like Aaron and Don John, Iago delights in villainy for villainy's sake. While his malignity is not absolutely motiveless, the motive is entirely inadequate to explain his actions. So far as he has any motive, it seems to be envy or ambition, the desire to get the lieutenant's position held by Cassio. This does not explain, however, why he should seek the ruin of the innocent Desdemona. To be sure, he makes use of the

suspensions of Othello for the purpose of undoing Cassio and getting his place, but surely he could have found a less round-about way to accomplish this end.

In the soliloquy at the end of Act I., Iago states that there is a rumor abroad to the effect that Othello has had improper relations with his wife, but it is a mere rumor. He himself says:

I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind;
Will do as if for surety.

This gives Iago a sort of excuse for personal revenge against Othello, yet he does not attempt to convict Othello of such relations, and so little is made of this "mere suspicion" that we are inclined to doubt whether Iago really believed that any cause for it existed.

What, then, are the real motives that prompt Iago? First, ambition, the desire for the lieutenantcy, as already mentioned; secondly, a feeling of envy and spite against Cassio, and of revenge against Othello for appointing Cassio instead of himself to the lieutenant's position. He expresses his malignity against Othello in conversation with Roderigo and in several soliloquies.

In the case of Iago, soliloquy is made use of to an unusual extent, giving an insight both into character and into plots and intrigues. In the soliloquy at the end of Act I., Iago gives a general outline of his *modus operandi*. He proposes to use the simple-minded Roderigo merely as a tool for the purpose of getting his money.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.

Next he expresses his dislike of Othello, "I hate the Moor," etc. He plots against Cassio for the purpose of getting his place:

Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now;
To get his place and to plume up my will;
In double knavery.

But how is he to carry out this plan? A bright idea suddenly strikes him:

How, how? Let's see:
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.

How is he to succeed in arousing Othello's suspicion? Why, by playing on his naturally unsuspicious nature, paradoxical as that may sound, for, if Othello had been of a naturally suspicious disposition, he must surely have suspected the motives of Iago.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.

Iago displays in his soliloquies considerable intellectual vanity. To him Roderigo is a "love-sick fool," a "snipe" upon whom he his "own gained knowledge should profane" if he should use him but for "sport and profit;" Othello is a "credulous" fool who "will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are," whom he will make thank him, love him, and reward him "for making him egregiously an ass." Both of these he proposes to use as mere puppets, and the remarkable part of it is to see how skillfully he succeeds in manipulating them.

Like several of the other villains, Iago delights in destroying the harmony of the family. He says of Othello and Desdemona in an aside:

O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. (II., i., 202-204.)

Notice how often the word "honest" is used in connection with Iago. Othello calls him "honest Iago," "this honest creature;" he says of him, "This fellow's of exceeding honesty." Cassio says of him: "I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest." In the repeated use of this word Shakespeare must have intended a touch of irony.

In a soliloquy (II., i. 295-321) he says of Desdemona:

Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust,
But partly led to diet my revenge, etc.

However, nothing is made of this further in the play; and if Iago loved Desdemona, why did he seek to destroy her? He again refers to his suspicions of Othello; but, as before, we are inclined to think merely for the purpose of giving him an excuse for his plotting against Othello. He also plans to use Roderigo as an instrument for Cassio's destruction. By making Roderigo believe that Cassio is in love with Desdemona, he will arouse the jealousy of Roderigo, and thus involve him in the scheme against Cassio (II., i., 311-314; iii., 53-63).

Iago plays upon almost every character, and he does it with unerring precision, taking advantage of just such qualities in each individual character as best serve his purposes. In this he shows himself a consummate master of human nature. He plans to make Desdemona in part the agent of her own destruction, and this by means of that very gentleness and kindness of heart which is one of her most charming characteristics.

For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements.

For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;

So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

(II., iii., 342-368.)

He determines, too, to involve his own wife in the scheme,

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on. (Lines 389-390.)

It is interesting to note how he delegates to others the execution of the subordinate parts of his scheme, reserving for his own personal execution only the part of supreme importance.

Iago's wealth of resource seems to be absolutely unlimited.

When Desdemona loses her handkerchief, he gets possession of it and plans an important rôle in which it is to play. He had before this tried to get his wife to steal it for him, probably for this very purpose:

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
(III., iii., 321-324.)

Iago promises Othello to give him ocular proof of Cassio's guilt and Desdemona's infidelity. To understand properly Othello's character, we must remember that he acted not from mere suspicion, but from definite conviction founded upon circumstantial evidence seemingly of the most convincing character. The most that we can say against Othello is that he allowed himself to jump too readily to conclusions.

When Othello, overcome by the terrible nervous strain, faints away, Iago apostrophizes:

Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach. (IV., i., 46-48.)

Having used Roderigo as a tool for the purpose of getting rid of Cassio, Iago determines to slay him:

Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him
As gifts to Desdemona. (V., i., 11-22.)

After both Cassio and Roderigo, as he supposes, have been slain, he says in an aside:

This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
(V., i., 127, 128.)

The latter turns out to be the case, and wickedness receives its just deserts.

In all of the three plays of "Othello," "Measure for Measure," and "Macbeth," written probably in close succession, Shakespeare treats the great tragic theme of temptation and fall. Starting with a virtuous, upright man, he traces in each case the steps of his downfall and ruin. In contrast, therefore, to the group which we have just studied, the group which we now take up gives us some of Shakespeare's best examples of developing character, exhibiting, however, retrogression instead of progression.

In each case, the man is assailed and yields at the point naturally the strongest, but unguarded, and therefore in reality the weakest, illustrating that "security is mortal's chiefest enemy." In Othello, the fall of a noble nature is brought about by assaults from without by a human being who seems, as described, an incarnate devil; in Angelo, an upright man falls on account of temptation from within; in Macbeth, "a good and virtuous nature" recoils in assaults from without by superhuman beings.

The character of Angelo is a rather perplexing one. On first reading the play of "Measure for Measure," the question presents itself: Is Angelo a villain, a hypocrite, or a sincere but weak man? Upon closer study one sees that he is a character assailed and overcome at the very point where he thought himself strongest.

Angelo was selected by the Duke, on account of his severe morality, as his deputy to execute the penalties of the law against a certain dissoluteness and looseness of living which prevailed at the time in Vienna. The Duke speaks of him as "a man of stricture and firm abstinence" (I., iii., 12). Lucio declares he is

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

(I., iv., 57-61.)

After Angelo has condemned Claudio to death, Escalus remarks in an aside:

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

Angelo is one of those who "rise by sin," since he has been appointed deputy for the purpose of punishing evil doers; and Claudio is one of those who "by virtue fall"—that is, by the virtue of Angelo, who, never having been guilty of the sin which Claudio has committed, and never having been tempted in that direction, is inclined to be too severe.

Everybody in the play except Angelo sympathizes with Claudio. The Provost, whose sympathies in particular have been enlisted, says:

All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for't?

Angelo finds himself strangely enamored of Isabella, tempted by her personal charms and purity of character:

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. [Aside] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. (II., ii., 157, 158.)

Angelo is surprised and startled at his own infatuation.

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

.
Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?

.
What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes?

.
But this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.
(II., ii. 161-187.)

From this soliloquy we learn that Angelo had never before been in love. It was to him a new experience, and hence well calculated to give rise to considerable reflection as to its cause and meaning. We may well believe that Angelo condemned Claudio in the first instance from lack of sympathy and knowledge. Angelo's passion is deepening, as shown in the soliloquy (II., iv., 1-17, 20-29), in which he declares that his whole mind and thought is taken up with Isabella. After

he has made his base proposition to Isabella, and she declares that unless he signs a pardon for her brother she will proclaim aloud to the world what manner of man he is, most contemptibly he makes capital of his reputation for virtue and austerity. In a soliloquy immediately following, Isabella shows her true nobility of character. Although she loves her brother most dearly, she is unwilling to sacrifice her honor to save his life:

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.

In several monologues the Duke passes observations on the state of affairs, and reveals his plans for bringing matters to a happy termination (IV., iii., 97-105, 111-115). His presence as directing genius robs the play of the interest of expectancy. We know almost from the first how the play is going to end. In another soliloquy (III., ii., 275-296) the Duke tells what he thinks should be the moral qualifications of a judge, and condemns most severely the conduct of Angelo. He also intimates that he thinks Angelo is playing the hypocrite, and so he probably is *now*, though it is not necessary to suppose him a hypocrite from the first.

The soliloquy of Angelo after the accomplishment (as he supposed) of his base purpose (IV., iv., 22-37) shows the depth of infamy to which he has sunk. He again makes capital of his reputation for virtue, which would prevent any accusation of Isabella's from injuring him, even if her innate modesty did not cause her to shrink from thus proclaiming her shame. His supposed murder of Claudio, in violation of his promise to Isabella and after the tremendous price paid (as he supposed) for Claudio's redemption, as well as the motive—fear that Claudio, if released, would avenge his sister's shame—arouse the deepest detestation. In a soliloquy Angelo shows some indications of remorse, or, it may be, fear of punishment at the hands of the Duke.

Angelo is one of those who repent only after their misdeeds have been found out. Still we cannot help thinking that his repentance is genuine, since his sense of justice leads him to

ask death at the hands of the Duke (V., i., 479-482). He had no reason to suppose that the Duke would forgive him; in fact he had every reason to believe that the Duke would execute upon him the same inflexible justice which he had insisted on executing upon Claudio.

Macbeth is the greatest of the characters of Shakespeare illustrating temptation and fall. In no other case is the downfall so complete, and in no other is this downfall more clearly the direct result of crime.

When Macbeth first appears on the stage, he is not a bad man.¹ On the contrary, he is valiant and loyal to the king. He is spoken of by the Sergeant as "brave Macbeth" (I., ii., 16). Duncan refers to him as "noble Macbeth" (I., ii., 67), and confers upon him the title of thane of Cawdor as a reward of his valor. Macbeth's downward career begins with his interview with the witches and their prophecy. He has scarcely been greeted by them as thane of Cawdor when the messengers of the king appear and announce that this new honor has already been conferred upon him. This prompt fulfillment of the first prophecy inspires him with the hope that the second—that he shall be king—will also come true. His ambition now aims at this high mark, as shown by several "asides" at this juncture.

Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. (I., iii., 116, 117.)

To what extent the seeds of ambition existed in Macbeth's mind prior to the opening of the play is an interesting question, and one not easily answered. Many critics take the position that the germs of unrighteous ambition existed in the mind of Macbeth prior to his meeting with the witches, who "drop just the right stuff on them to make them sprout." This view is so far right that the assault is made at the weakest point. Macbeth is of a naturally ambitious disposition, which has been intensified by his recent successes on the field of battle, hence the conditions are most favorable for the reception of the evil suggestions of the witches. The ground

¹ It is but fair to state that most critics do not hold this view.

has been well prepared and the seeds perhaps already sown; all that is necessary to make them spring up and grow is the stimulating influence of the witches' suggestion. That there is something in the nature of Macbeth answering to this influence is shown by the readiness with which his mind responds. Still this something is at present only a germ, its energy is only potential, the latent energy of the seed, and needs the proper stimulus to convert it into the active energy of the growing plant.

This point of view seems to be supported by the important part played by the witches in the play. If Macbeth and his wife had already seriously discussed the murder of Duncan, she "encouraging him in it with all her fiery vehemence of spirit," what is the need of the further stimulus of supernatural agencies, and what is the special part which the witches are supposed to play? The same view is sustained by the remarks of Lady Macbeth on the character of her husband, which occur in a soliloquy just after she has read his letter:

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. (I., v., 16-31.)

The different effect of the prophecies of the witches on the two men, Macbeth and Banquo, is explained by their difference in temperament. Macbeth, who is of an irritable, excitable disposition, goes off into a kind of rapture, in which he seems to become unconscious even of the presence of Banquo and the others (I., iii., 142, etc.); while Banquo, being of a more phlegmatic temperament, remains calm and self-possessed. The effect of such supernatural appearances upon a man of Macbeth's nervous sensibility must have been, especially in an age of superstition in which he lived, something profound.

Banquo recognizes more clearly than Macbeth the baleful

influences of these evil spirits and the terrible consequences to which their prophecies in a man of Macbeth's general temperament may lead. Macbeth's first important "aside" at this point is of interest as showing his state of mind:

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? (I., iii., 130-142.)

There is a conflict in the mind of Macbeth between the powers of good and the powers of evil, and the evil finally dominates. From this point the growth in crime is like an avalanche started down the mountain side, ever increasing as it rushes along, and leaving destruction in its track. The very effect of the suggestion on Macbeth's mind seems to indicate that the suggestion was a new one, being such an effect as we should suppose would result from a sudden mental shock upon such an excitable temperament as his own. He says further:

[*aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
Without my stir. (Lines 144, 145.)

But he is not content to let chance make him king, but goes to work himself to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy.

What is the real extent of the influence of the witches on the mind and character of Macbeth, and to what extent are they responsible for the crimes which he commits? Mr. Wendell, who holds the extreme Calvinistic view, practically makes the witches the real responsible agents in whose hands Macbeth is a mere puppet. But there is not involved in the fulfillment of the prophecy of the witches the *necessity* of crime at all. Macbeth himself does not make them in any degree *responsible* for his crimes. However profound may be the influence of the witches on the mind and conduct of Macbeth (and we may not in any way underrate its impor-

tance), yet it is purely an external influence, and Macbeth himself "feels just as free in his actions as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him."

Macbeth broods over the sayings of the weird sisters until soon he has pretty much made up his mind as to the course he will pursue to obtain the crown, fully realizing, however, the infamy and blackness of his designs. When Duncan names Malcolm, his son, Prince of Cumberland and heir to the throne, Macbeth says:

The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.

(I., iv., 48-51.)

Macbeth when on the very eve of the murder of Duncan falters in his purpose and says to his wife:

We will proceed no further in this business, etc.

(I., vii., 31.)

Some of the critics think that his irresolution on this occasion is due to moral cowardice, but it is surely better to believe that it is due to the fact that his better nature asserts itself against this foul crime. That his mind naturally recoils from the thought of perpetrating such an infamous act of treachery and treason is shown by the soliloquy immediately preceding:

He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.

.

I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

(I., vii., 12-28.)

It is Lady Macbeth who forms all the plans for the murder, and who finally succeeds in screwing up her husband's courage "to the sticking place." He says:

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. (I., vii., 79, 80.)

In the remarkable scene in which Macbeth sees the phan-

tom dagger suspended in air is the supernatural instrument of the witches "irresistibly persuading him to the deed," or is it "a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?" It is interesting to note that, while Macbeth regards the phantom of the dagger as purely subjective, a creation of his overwrought brain, he considers the ghost of Banquo, which appears shortly after, as real and objective. The truth is that one is about as much a creation of the brain as the other.

After the murder of Duncan Macbeth shows some temporary feelings of remorse or regret at the deed, as when he says in a soliloquy:

Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. (II., ii., 57-63.)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst!
(Line 74.)

Is the state of mind here exhibited by Macbeth that of genuine remorse due to the reproach of conscience, or is it rather a feeling of terror due to his morbidly irritable fancy, a fancy which has already caused him to clutch at air-drawn daggers, and later almost paralyzes him with fear at the sight of the ghost of the murdered Banquo? Each may be in part true. There seems to be a certain amount of genuine remorse, but there is a much larger element of mental terror resulting from an exceedingly irritable, sensitive imagination.

The scant expression of remorse on the part of Macbeth is not due, as some assert, to an almost entire lack of the moral sense and of all compunctions of conscience. Macbeth gives himself very little time for reflection and remorse. He has done his reflecting beforehand, and now is the time for action. He has fresh crimes on hand to occupy his attention, and with each crime his conscience is more and more seared and rendered more and more insensible; so that while

he is at first very irresolute, after the initial crime has been committed, the others come more easily. Lady Macbeth however, while planning the murder of Duncan, shows indomitable will power and determination, but after the murder has been committed and she has abundant leisure to reflect upon the deed, she is filled with the most terrible remorse, as is exhibited in the famous sleep-walking scene.

Banquo more than suspects the part played by Macbeth in the murder of the king, for it is what he has feared all along. He expresses himself on the subject in a soliloquy at the beginning of Act III., and it is a question whether he is not beginning by this time to consider the advisability of doing something to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy of the weird sisters concerning himself. The soliloquy contains a mere hint of this, and Banquo is murdered before he has time to form any definite plans. (Cf. II., i., 5-9, 19-21.) However this may be, Macbeth considers Banquo a very dangerous rival, and accordingly resolves to get rid of him. The murder of Duncan has not brought him that feeling of security in the possession of his throne which he desires and which he will never have so long as Banquo and Fleance live, and this is expressed in a soliloquy (III., i., 48-72).

The conduct of Macbeth is quite inconsistent in this. He seems in general to place implicit confidence in the prophecies of the weird sisters, and even assists them in the fulfillment of the part relating to himself, but now he endeavors to thwart the part concerning Banquo:

Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! (Lines 71, 72.)

The murder of Duncan has so hardened Macbeth in crime that he is able to plan and execute the murder of Banquo without the incitement or even the knowledge of his wife. He gives her in fact but a bare hint of his designs (III., ii., 45, etc.). Even the murder of Banquo, however, does not give him the peace of mind for which he had hoped, for Fleance still lives, and Banquo's ghost remains to terrify and torment him. Macbeth consults the weird sisters again, and receives from them new prophecies. It is a remarkable fact that,

though relying implicitly upon the witches and allowing himself to be profoundly influenced by them, he yet clearly recognizes them as spirits of evil.

Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! (IV., i., 133, 134.)

With new prophecies, he has new crimes. He has been told to "beware of Macduff," hence he immediately plans the murder of Macduff and all his household. All hesitation and irresolution have now entirely disappeared. He plans the bloody deed in the calmest, most deliberate manner.

From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
(IV., i., 146-154.)

He sees one of the prophecies of the witches fulfilled in that Birnam wood does come to Dunsinane, but he clings desperately to the other prophecy as a remaining hope. When he has killed young Siward, he says:

Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.
(V., vii., 11-13.)

As with Richard III., there is at the end a revival of mere physical courage with Macbeth, like the ferocity of a chained bear compelled to fight or die:

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course. (V., vii., 1, 2.)

Finally, there is the very climax of despair. Looking back upon life, Macbeth sees in it nothing but a dismal failure, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

J. ALBERT SHEPHERD.

WADE HAMPTON.

I.

THE passing away of the late Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, called out numerous notices throughout the country. They were, without exception, sympathetic and appreciative; but none of them could express quite fully the unique significance of the event itself. For the few survivors like himself, whom now his passing leaves so unutterably fewer, it is like the final putting out of the tender grace of a day that was very dear, and is very dead, to them. Gen. Hampton was about the last of his kind, and it was a kind which not only can never be reproduced, but is doomed to be less and less understood and appreciated. The mold in which that peculiar type of manhood was cast is not only broken, but discredited. After him, there is none other of the type both sufficiently representative of it and conspicuous enough in the world to maintain its credit or keep alive its memory. It was a type, too, which in its day possessed a very peculiar distinction. But it grew out of its conditions, and the world which has passed such impassioned sentence upon the evils will never sufficiently comprehend the compensating good of those conditions to be able to appreciate the charm of its truest representative.

To say that slavery in the South, at its best and in the person of its best, produced the largest, finest, and most delightful type of personal character that this country has known, is to express an opinion which the rest of the world may accept or reject at his will. But it is an opinion which will die only with those who know most about it. Neither is what has been said intended as a defense or justification of slavery—further, at least, than this: The slavery—or slaveholding on a large scale—which, judged by its best fruits, is thus so fully able to justify itself, was no sin to those who engaged in it. The world is constantly outgrowing and making sinful institutions which, however they are so now, were not

so to it in the age or at the stage in which they prevailed. Polygamy was no sin to Abraham. Slavery was no sin to the consciousness or conscience of the New Testament. Feudalism was no sin in its day, but would be so now. Puritanism in forms which were once admirable would now be condemned. The time will come when war will be a sin. The South received and exercised slavery in good faith and without doubt or question, and, whatever we pronounce it now, it was not sin at that time to those people. Liable to many abuses and evils, it could also be the nurse of many great and beautiful virtues. There are none of us now who do not sympathize with its extinction as a necessary step in the moral progress of the world. It was natural that we who were in it and of it should be the last to see that, and be even made to see it against our will. Knowing as others could not, and loving the good that was in it, it was not strange that we should be more and longer than others blind to its evils, and unconscious of the judgment which the world was preparing, finally and forever, to pass upon it. Now that the judgment is passed, we join in it. Slavery, we say, is a sin, and a sin of which we could not possibly be guilty. But as little could we be guilty of charging with sin those who once nobly wore its responsibilities and discharged its duties.

It is unnecessary to repeat the facts of Gen. Hampton's life. Before the Civil War had brought him into any sort of public or general prominence, Wade Hampton as a private citizen would probably have been accepted as the typical representative of the South Carolina that then was. Its most distinctive characteristics were summed up in his person. His very name was, before he received it, a part of the history and tradition of the State. The Hamptons, like the Prestons, with whom he intermarried, were the center of the aristocratic social life of the State capital. He was the easy possessor of large hereditary wealth. He was one of the largest owners and operators of slave labor in the South. His life was the distinctive Southern one of a great planter and a hospitable country gentleman. In addition to these

externals, nature had specially constituted him personally to be the completest exponent of the type of which he was destined to be also, in a sense, the last. His physical manhood was well-nigh perfect. It was an outdoor active manhood, not only attentive to the details of a large business and the responsibility for many souls dependent upon him, but devoted to all athletic exercises and accomplishments. He was widely known as the best rider, the most daring hunter, the most expert fisherman in the State. What, over and above all these things, he was to prove himself, it remained for the most trying experiences and the severest and most searching tests subsequently to develop.

When the Civil War came on, Wade Hampton was a prepared and a predestined leader in it. The early organization of a Hampton Legion was a natural and spontaneous thing. A commander will always find a command. It was equally to be expected that his certain promotion should be in the line of the cavalry service, and that he should be found, in due course, with the rank of lieutenant general, at the head of that branch of the service in the great Army of Northern Virginia. It was not that Hampton had had any, the least, distinctively military training in preparation for the war. Neither was it that he possessed the specific military genius of a Jackson or a Forrest. It was simply that the Southerner with his traditional type of character and mode of life was a natural soldier, and Hampton was the best of his kind.

It was the campaign of political redemption for South Carolina in 1876 that called out and revealed what there was of real greatness in Wade Hampton. He took rank then as one of the true leaders of men. There was no other living man, not even a Lee or a Grant, who, under the conditions then prevailing in South Carolina, could have effected the practically bloodless revolution in which the campaign resulted. It was no small thing in itself, but it was not strange that he should have led and controlled, as he did, his own race, under circumstances in which control of any sort was well-nigh impossible. He knew his own, and his own knew and loved and trusted him as they did no other. But Gen.

Hampton, even under the circumstances and conditions then existing, undertook and conducted that campaign not alone in the interests of his own race. He had wisdom enough of heart as well as of head to embrace in his purpose the interests and good of both parties or classes really concerned in the issue. However little consideration he may have felt for the carpetbagger and scalawag who had been exploiting the negro for their own profit and to the ruin of the State, for the negro himself he had an inborn and inbred love and sympathy. He undertook the leadership upon the distinct understanding and condition that the end aimed at was to be justice and charity for the black man as well as the white. And he felt and meant it. And the negroes, not merely individually, but as a race, however astray in mind, were true enough at heart to come, in a surprisingly short time, to recognize and acknowledge in him their truest and best friend. As from his deathbed his heart and words went out in undying love to "all his people, black and white," so all hearts, from the highest to the humblest, responded in a common love and grief, and mourned in him one who had been the friend and servant of them all alike.

It cannot be claimed that the leadership of Wade Hampton saved the campaign of redemption in South Carolina from many lamentable features—features more lamentable, in their immediate effects as well as in their long consequences, upon the people themselves, who were the actors in them, than in any other way. It cannot be denied that even leaders like Gen. Hampton, and the best people of the State, were reduced to the humiliation of condoning, or shutting their eyes to, practices and methods, either the principle or the policy of which it is impossible to pretend to defend. It is useless and wholly beside the real question involved to stop to ask whether there was any justification or excuse for the apparent moral indifference of the better people of the South at that juncture. Any one on the ground could not but have recognized the fact that it was a condition in which natural forces were going to act in spite of moral considerations, and were not to be regulated or controlled by

them. Put oil under water, and (right or wrong) it will come to the top. Put such people as the whites of any of our States as much under and as much at the mercy of not merely their late slaves, but their late slaves manipulated in mass by the leaders and for the ends that then prevailed, as was the case in the South in 1876, and what is the use of asking whether they *ought* to have remained at the bottom? Law and bayonets might keep them there for a while, but for how long a while was inevitably a question not of morals but of opportunity. A lawful opportunity and legitimate methods were not in reach or in sight, and that happened which was impossible to avert and is useless to condemn.

But Gen. Hampton, for one, did the best that could be done under the conditions, and those that were against and those that were with him have stood together with uncovered heads to honor his memory and to recognize the unequalled services which he had rendered them both.

WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE.

II.

There is probably no name in recent Southern history that stands out more conspicuously as the representative of the old order of things now rapidly passing away than that of Wade Hampton, the soldier-patriot, whose long and eventful career terminated at Columbia, S. C., on the 11th day of April last. Born at Charleston, March 18, 1818, the greater portion of his life was spent in the service of his native State, whose people honored and revered him as they have honored and revered few other men in their entire history. But it would be a mistake to conclude that his reputation was a local one, for both his military and political record won for him a place in American history that can scarcely fail to grow with the progress of future events. Others hereafter will tell of his dash and courage as a cavalry officer when the reputation of the famous Hampton Legion spread far and wide throughout the country, while the official records of the great Civil War mention his name with sufficient frequen-

cy to indicate his worth and ability as a military leader. But the leading events of Hampton's career as a soldier have already been collected in enduring form, especially his phenomenal record during the famous campaigns of 1864.¹ And his military exploits appear all the more remarkable when one recalls the fact that, unlike many of the other Confederate chieftains, he was not a graduate of West Point. Rising, however, from the ranks, he eventually became a lieutenant general, and was at one time in command of the cavalry under Lee, but in 1865 was transferred to South Carolina.²

Hampton's greatest claim to distinction is, perhaps, his rescue of South Carolina in 1876 from one of the most corrupt governments of modern times. This was accomplished in the face of the heaviest odds and only by reason of his calm judgment and statesmanlike qualities. And while it was part of a general movement that took place almost simultaneously throughout the South, and contributed largely to the destruction of the worst features of the reconstruction measures, Hampton's success in his native State was in several respects different from that achieved by Vance and others in North Carolina, Gordon and his supporters in Georgia, and Nicholls and Lamar in Louisiana and Mississippi. This was due partly to the somewhat anomalous situation in South Carolina, but probably in still greater measure to Hampton's wonderful hold on the affections of his followers and his complete ascendancy over them. To understand this more thoroughly, one must bear in mind the circumstances of Hampton's early life and the enormous influence of his name.

In the first place, he stood forth as the representative of the entire State rather than any section of it; for while he himself first saw the light of Charleston, his great-grandfather, Anthony Hampton, came from Virginia to what is now Spartanburg County, and made his home there shortly

¹"Hampton and His Cavalry in '64." By Edward L. Wells. Richmond: B. F. Johnson & Co., 1899.

²As to the burning of Columbia, see *American Historical Review*, April, 1902.

before the outbreak of the revolutionary war.³ Wade Hampton, son of Anthony, was a distinguished officer in the struggle for American independence, while the second Wade Hampton, father of the subject of this sketch, and a man of immense means, made his home five miles from Columbia. Millwood, the name of his country seat, was widely known for its fine stock, its elegant hospitality, and its beautiful surroundings; and it was here that the last Wade Hampton spent his boyhood days. It was while residing at Millwood⁴ that he graduated, in 1836, at the South Carolina College. Owing to internal dissensions, the fortunes of the institution had for several years been on the decline, and there were only eleven members of his class, among whom was Arthur Simkins. Hampton afterwards studied law, although with no apparent intention of ever following it as a profession, and soon turned his attention to planting. He possessed extensive landed interests in Mississippi, and was one of the largest slave owners in the United States. Much of his time was spent, however, in South Carolina, where he served as a legislator. Hampton does not appear to have been an advocate of secession; but soon after South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession we find him raising his renowned Legion, composed of six companies of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of flying artillery.⁵ Such was his popularity even then that more than double the number of companies called for offered to enroll themselves under his banner.

At the close of the war Hampton resumed his occupation as a planter, but he did not lose his interest in politics. In 1876 he consented to become the Democratic candidate for the governorship of South Carolina. The Republican governor at that time was Daniel H. Chamberlain, whose scholarly attainments and efforts in behalf of purer administration had gained for him the confidence and esteem of a large

³ "History of Spartanburg County." By J. B. O. Landrum, Atlanta, 1900. See also "Colonial and Revolutionary History of Upper South Carolina," by the same author, Greenville, S. C., 1897. Anthony Hampton was murdered by the Indians.

⁴ Destroyed during the Civil War.

⁵ "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Series IV., Vol. I., p. 303.

number of the taxpayers. He was especially active, for example, in preventing Franklin J. Moses, Jr., and W. J. Whipper, two notorious spoilsmen, from qualifying as judges, notwithstanding their election by the Legislature. It was thought, therefore, by many conservative men that a fusion might be formed between themselves and Chamberlain's portion of the so-called Republican party,⁶ and this plan was well-nigh successful. But such an experiment had been unsuccessfully tried several times before, while the triumph of the "straight-out" policy in other Southern States, notably in Mississippi, finally caused the defeat of the effort to nominate Chamberlain, and Hampton was induced to assume the leadership of the Democratic organization. It is said, however, that as late as June 28, 1876, when the centennial anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie took place, Hampton and Chamberlain rode in the same procession.⁷

Among the many difficulties that confronted Hampton were the enormous colored vote of 100,000 as against 70,000 white voters, the support Chamberlain received from the Federal government, and the presence of large numbers of soldiers belonging to the army of the United States. In addition to these facts, the November election took place on the same day as that held for the election of a President, and as the waning strength of the Republicans produced much alarm among the managers of that party, the events in South Carolina assumed national importance. Happily, however, the platform adopted by Hampton's party was an exceedingly liberal one. He himself declared that "it is so catholic in its spirit, so broad in its construction, that every one in South Carolina who honestly desires reform can find room to stand upon it. With such a platform, where all our citizens of all parties and races can find room to stand, assured of equal rights and protection, you can surely bring back to our desolated State the great blessings of good government. As for myself, should I be elected to the high position for which you have nominated me, my sole effort shall

⁶Almost universally called in those days the radical party.

⁷Prof. R. Means Davis, in the *Columbia (S. C.) State*, April 12, 1902.

be to restore our State government to decency, to honesty, to economy, and to integrity. I shall be the governor of the whole people, making no vindictive discrimination, holding the scales of justice with firm and impartial hand, seeing, so far as in me lies, that the laws are enforced in justice tempered by mercy, protecting all classes alike, and devoting every effort to the restoration of property and the reestablishment of honest government."⁸

Hampton's ringing words and the confidence he inspired among all classes of people caused a wave of enthusiasm to sweep over the whole State. "Red Shirt" brigades were organized everywhere. Hampton's portrait was in almost every home. Many colored men, moreover, throughout the State not only openly joined the ranks of the Democracy, but in several instances made speeches advocating Hampton's election. Notable addresses, for example, were delivered by Martin R. Dulany, a negro of unusual education and force. Throughout the campaign, which was naturally one of intense excitement, there was little disorder, and even after the wild joy produced by the news of Hampton's success there were few breaches of the peace.

But soon the situation took on a new aspect. So close was the contest between Tilden and Hayes that every vote was needed by both sides, and when the Returning Board threw out the votes of two counties, it was claimed that Chamberlain had been elected and the vote of the State given to the Republican electors. It is impossible in the brief space at our command to narrate at length the succeeding events of this political drama. The soldiers in the State House; the organization of a dual government; the hearty response of the taxpayers to Hampton's request for ten per cent of their taxes; the near approach on one or two occasions to civil war, only to be averted by Hampton's coolness and influence; the conference of the rival governors with President Hayes; the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the State; the downfall of the carpetbag administration; and, after five months of doubt and anxiety, the undisputed con-

⁸ Prof. Davis, *Ibid.*

tinuation of Hampton's government—were events that will some day be recognized as very important chapters not only in the history of the United States, but in that of popular government everywhere. Nor would it be possible here to dwell at length on the marvelous impulse given all forms of social life by Hampton's election—an impulse directed in large measure by his statesmanlike genius and immense popularity. That he should have been sent to the United States Senate was as natural as it was just, and that his independent course throughout his long service in this capacity gained for him the admiration and confidence of the entire country could not be gainsaid. No less striking was his dignified acceptance of the results of that revolution in the politics of South Carolina which caused his retirement from Congress. His appointment as railway commissioner by President Cleveland met with warm approval, and he actively carried on the work connected with this post until his final withdrawal from public life. Hampton's closing years were spent in Columbia. The accidental burning of his residence a few years ago caused a loss which he bore with fortitude, and to the last he retained those qualities of mind and heart that endeared him to so many. By a coincidence as noteworthy as it was fitting, he passed away on the anniversary of the day he acquired full control of the government of South Carolina. The quarter of a century separating the two events was marked by many improvements in the affairs of his State and a recuperation that has not yet been fully narrated; and these were greatly due to Hampton, whose influence it would be difficult to estimate.⁹

B. J. RAMAGE.

⁹ *The Columbia (S. C.) State*, April 13, 1902.

REVIEWS.

THE LOWER SOUTH IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE LOWER SOUTH IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By William Garrott Brown, Lecturer in History at Harvard University for 1901-02. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1902.

This work, made up partly of lectures, delivered North and South before college students, and including essays written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, possesses, notwithstanding its composite form, a real unity of purpose and plan. Its author, an Alabamian who is familiar with what has already been written upon his subject, sketches sympathetically, but with discrimination, the history of the Lower South, that tier of States once called the Cotton Kingdom. His style, which possesses real distinction, glows with a personal feeling which greatly attracts the reader. His incentive seems to have been a very natural protest against the inadequate results previously reached by students who, following German methods, have sought "to exhibit the true form and hue of our American civilization by putting together many minute observations or by reasoning from a few broad truths."

Without a word of detraction as to the work of economists like Cairnes, travelers such as Olmstead, and historians like Rhodes and Schouler, he indicates the limitations of their perspective in the words, "Surely a true picture of Southern life half a century ago should not seem altogether strange to men and women still living who were once a part of it." All work hitherto done has given only a distorted view of the social life of the old South. Some of the forces which influenced that life have been observed but overemphasized; others have eluded investigators. Many of the qualities which that life represented and fostered still exist and will doubtless add a much-needed grace and charm of manner to that distinctive American type which is in process of development. But the social life of the old plantation has passed into history, and it can be truly described and interpreted to the

Americans of to-day only by those who were once a part of it or who have received its feelings and traditions by inheritance.

There are problems for historical students, in the political dominance from 1840 to 1860 of a minority representing this Southern tier of States, also in the organized plantation, and in the causes which developed that wonderful private soldier of the Confederacy. No investigations hitherto conducted have fairly explained or accounted for these phenomena. There is also the class of the poor whites which Mr. Brown refers to as "the remote, unthrifty, unambitious, inscrutable people of the squalid cabin and the long rifle and the chin beard and the hidden distillery and the oddly Elizabethan speech, who for three hundred years have not even noted the growth of America or the progress of the world." The forces which have produced and preserved them have remained thus far as inscrutable as themselves.

Mr. Brown has, in this book, attempted only a sketch. It is, however, one true in outline and sense of proportion and made from the correct point of view. It is therefore to be desired that it may take the place, in the eyes of the American people, of some other pictures which are unintended caricatures.

May we not also hope that the author will in time complete his true task and turn his sketch into a painting, even if, as he says, it "must wait for days of confident mornings and calm evenings. Such his days and nights must be, his mind at peace, his silence undistracted, who would enter into the body of this civilization which I have tried to intimate with outlines, and make it live again through these and other of its times and seasons, he also living in it and dying in it and rising in it again. For this, and nothing less, is the demand it makes of its historian." It is evident that to Mr. Brown this work is a high vocation. All intelligent Americans are now disposed to look sympathetically at the past life of every part of their common country. The time has arrived when Southern writers should do for their own section that which Parkman and Fiske have done for the Northwest and the North-

east, and should work in that spirit of vigorous Americanism which President Roosevelt has shown us in his "Winning of the West." The material for their labor lies at present all about them in the oral testimony of participants yet living and in family correspondence preserved in many a home.

But oral testimony will soon pass beyond recall. Letters will disappear. Outlines now clear will by another generation have grown dim and hazy. Unless this phase of national life is soon given a form which will permanently preserve it, it will suffer the fate of perpetual misunderstanding, and in failing to secure a proper conception of it the American people will sustain an irreparable loss.

It is therefore the more to be hoped that Mr. Brown, who seems so well equipped for this work, will be able to develop it. Such development in the style and tone of his present work is sure to attract an interested attention.

CHARLES W. TURNER.

EDUCATIONAL EDITORIALS AND LITERARY LEADERS.

EDITORIAL ECHOES. By William Morton Payne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

LITTLE LEADERS. By William Morton Payne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

Mr. Payne, of the *Chicago Dial*, gives us another volume of collections, "Editorial Echoes," in imitation of the method of his "Little Leaders" of seven years ago, which also appears as a companion volume. The wider world consciousness has grown upon the writer in this time and has become more clearly accentuated. The spirit of Dante is upon him in his dedicatory sonnet, and "Dante in America" is the subject of the first tribute on literature. This growing cosmopolitanism and wide sympathy is the note of "French Poetry and English," which bravely maintains that French poets may be as poetical as English to ears rightly attuned to their cadences. If there be English superiority, it is in quantity, not in quality. It is the same note of "World Literature" that is taken as the subject of the following sketch, where

the intellectual and literary life of the time is dealing with what interests men everywhere, without barriers of race or speech. Björnson, Ibsen, Sienkiewicz, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, and Zola are among those that have the whole world for their readers. In continuation of the same thought, in "Twenty Years of European Literature" the weakness is found in a straining after the new, and the strength lies in the consciousness of pressing sociological questions. "The Great Books of the Nineteenth Century," those that have most profoundly influenced thought, are held to be Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Schopenhauer's "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung." Mr. Payne returns to our English and American life in discussing Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Garden of Song" and similar American Anthology, and Mr. Wendell's "Literary History of America." Mr. Moody's recent verses receive enthusiastic praise, considering how the writer deprecates this general attitude toward contemporaries, and expresses the conviction more than once that there has been no great poetic event since the appearance of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" in 1866 and Rossetti's "Poems" in 1870.

The essays on education are all practical and sane. One on "Scholarship and Culture" at our colleges and universities is eloquent of its clear recognition of the dangers of losing the soul of our Latin and Greek and English studies. Mr. Payne entertains no doubt that the ends of literary instruction should be its culture value; for it must never be forgotten that "if Greek and Latin are studied throughout the world, it is because in them is expressed the maximum of potency of life, fair and strong, speculative and active, with which men and races have ever been animated, and this, too, is humanity, not erudition."

The volume closes with a number of memorial sketches. The ones on Ruskin and William Morris show distinct sympathy; those on Daudet and Cherbuliez reveal interest; those on Gladstone and Max Müller are distinctly antipathetic; and one or two, while graceful, seem perfunctory.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND. Studies. By Lewis Einstein.
New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company,
Agents. 1902.

Mr Einstein has succeeded in producing a more than usually important volume as one of the Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature under the direction of Prof. Woodberry, and one well worthy to stand beside the kindred studies of Mr. Spingarn's "Spanish Criticism in the Renaissance" and Mr. Underhill's "Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors." Part I. is Italy's influence on England—*i. e.*, the doings and accomplishments and failings of the Englishman in Italy. Part II. is the Italian in England: churchmen, artists, travelers, merchants, and finally the influence of Italian political and literary ideas.

The first of these movements is that of Humanism, centering about Grocyn, Linacre, and Sir Thomas More—that union of churchmen and letters which began then and has never ceased in England. It was particularly travel on the Continent, with Italy as ultimate goal, that advanced the ideals of the gentleman and the perfect man of courtesy. The history of the educational and literary movements is fairly well known; but its correlation with that of travel, trade, manners, and political thought allows a very wide survey to the present volume. It brings out well the many-sidedness, both in strength and weakness, of the Italian character, and the stimulus for the best that the English national life received from it. One form of seriousness the Italian possessed to a marked degree, which had to be learned by the more crude, if sturdy, Englishman, and that was the seriousness of a refined artistic consciousness. Art and form were the great lessons Italy had to teach England, and when these had become added to English energy, strength, imagination and freshness, she was ready for Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, and her splendid expression of national experience.

The volume is not only an honest piece of work; it is discriminating, it is governed by good taste and a sense of pro-

portion, and, above all, it is possessed of both literary appreciation and literary style.

THE HOMES OF JANE AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN. *Her Homes and Her Friends.* By Constance Hill. Illustrations by Ellen G. Hill, and Reproductions in Photogravure, etc. John Lane, London and New York. 1902. \$6.

The county of Hampshire in Southern England is interesting in that three neighboring hamlets are associated, almost contemporaneously, with the three vital names of the Rev. Gilbert White, author of the "Natural History of Selborne," Jane Austen, and Mary Russell Mitford. The circumstances of the lives of all three would be called provincial, and yet the strength and grace of their accomplishment easily passed the barriers of both space and time.

The present volume is the story of a pilgrimage made in due order to the homes and places where Jane Austen lived and wrote. The neighborhood of the old parsonage at Steventon, long ago torn down, is visited, and the precise spot is determined where Jane Austen was born and passed the first twenty-six years of her life. It was here, too, that she wrote her first three novels, fascinating studies of contemporary life, though they could not find a publisher till many years later. Of two towns not far away, Reading was the scene of the brief boarding school days, and nearer Basingstoke that of the county balls that figure in both her life and her stories.

Upon the father handing over the Steventon living to his son, he took his family to Bath, and the four years spent there gave the novelist of social life and manners abundant opportunity for further observation. A summer on the Southern seacoast at Lyme furnished other scenes for later work. The father dying, the widow and two daughters moved back to Hampshire, first to Southampton and later to a permanent home in the country at Chawton Cottage, but a few miles from White's "Selborne." Here Miss Austen's remaining years were spent, and three more novels were

written, based largely on earlier experience and observation. A short visit was made to some cousins in Warwickshire, the farthest away she ever was from home; also an occasional visit to one brother in London and another in Southern Kent—and this was the extent of her personal acquaintance with the world's geography. Two months before her death her sister accompanied her to the neighboring city of Winchester to get the services of a "medical man," but too late. She died in the old capital of Alfred, and was buried in the cathedral of William of Wykeham, which thus gained a new fame.

The handsomely printed and illustrated volume describes and sketches each spot in the author's life and works, and the effect is to produce a charming pictorial commentary on Miss Austen's life as supplement to both her "Memoir" and her "Letters."

MODERN CONCEPTIONS OF GOD.

MODERN CONCEPTIONS OF GOD. By Joseph Alexander Leighton, Professor of Philosophy in Hobart College. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.

Under this title we have an exegesis of the systems of Fichte, Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Spencer, and appended thereto an outline treatment of the questions uppermost in Prof. Leighton's mind in relation thereto. At first glance one would expect to find a popular exposition of these philosophies, but such expectations are unfounded. In particular the chapter devoted to Fichte has so many statements, so many quotations, and so many references that one cannot see the wood for the trees. It is always a mistake to attempt to cram a system of philosophy into thirty-four pages, and expect the average reader to emerge from the shower bath of quotations with all the water still on his head; as the water runs off, so do the facts, and one ends with the pleasurable sensation of the vast extent of the author's knowledge, and little more. Though coming under the same condemnation, the chapter on Hegel is by all means the best of the four, nor does one wonder why this is so after reading the last chapter, in which the author sets forth his own theory.

Taking the first four chapters together, we would say that, despite a most unattractive pedantic form, the matter is most interesting, and it is specially so because the philosophical

tendency of the day is influenced entirely by the systems which are here brought together. Fichte, Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Spencer might be called the patrons of that school of thought which claims so many men of mark to-day. The book, therefore, is valuable as an introduction to prevailing philosophy. A hint as to what we shall find in these systems is given in the introduction, where the author says: "So we have four absolutes: that of the Will, . . . that of the Reason, . . . that of Feeling, . . . and finally, that of Blind Energy." The whole tone in which the book is written points to that theory regarding God which posits him as an absolute immanent energy, and we find how deeply imbued with this conception the author is when we turn to the fifth chapter. Here, under the heading, "The Absolute, the Finite Individual, and the Time Process," Prof. Leighton's own conception of the absolute is set forth. It is an attempt to expound what we might call the centrifugal idea of finite personality, and the centripetal idea of infinite personality. We are to accept the following definitions of God: "God is a self-experience, conscious of itself, in and through finite centers of experience, which are its contents." Again, "God is the central conscious unity which experiences all aspects of existence as its content." And again, and more exactly, "The absolute individual regarded as the source of the conative of finite selves, must be *will*."

Now what are we to say in regard to Prof. Leighton's attempt to show the reasonableness of this conception? First, he makes a brave but ineffectual struggle to preserve inviolate finite free will and finite personality. Though we, in obedience to his request, forsake discursive thinking, and confine ourselves to "Feeling which gives the impulse to conation, and Emotion which leads the self to strive until the harmony of feeling, from the disturbance which conation originates, is restored"—though we do so, yet if we go to the end toward which his argument irresistibly drives us, we must end in utter depersonification of the individual. So much for the general fault of the argument. In particular, he seems to have contradicted himself in one important respect. For if, as we are told (pp. 163, 164), "the perfection of the absolute is thinkable, only if his activity in the generation and development of finite individuals is forever full and unceasing," and if there never could have been a time when the absolute "felt a want," how, then, as we are told (p. 177), can the absolute have "created man?" A. R. G.

NOTES.

THE election of Prof. Woodrow Wilson to the presidency of Princeton University upon the resignation of President Patton is not only a most happy selection, but a fitting instance of development and growth into a position. Mr. Wilson is an alumnus of Princeton and the trustees have followed the plan generally pursued of late in placing the responsibility of the government of the University, when practicable, upon an alumnus. Recent similar instances have been both President Hadley, of Yale, and President Butler, of Columbia. Still more striking, in the election of the presidents of both Yale and Princeton, is the emphasis on the fact that the older tradition of a clergyman as president of a college and university is definitely broken, and that the office primarily demands an educator.

Mr. Wilson has been before the country as a student of history and government for nearly twenty years, and more than seven years ago an article appeared in this REVIEW (February, 1895) on his personality and the significance of his historical and literary worth. This activity has been emphasized since that time by the collection of separate series of essays into volumes, and by the completion of one or more valuable historical works; and the confidence then expressed has been amply justified. A work fully as vital as this has been his lectures to the students of Princeton and the influences that have gone from the crowded recitation room. While the duties of an executive officer nowadays are all engrossing, yet it is to be hoped that what is Princeton's gain will not prove too far the loss of the rest of us in further contributions to the world of literature and thought.

The death of Mr. E. L. Godkin, for many years the brilliant editor of the New York *Evening Post* and its weekly edition, *The Nation*, while not unexpected, came in the nature of a shock to thousands. Since his withdrawal from

journalism he has from time to time contributed to the columns of various publications, and it is said that he was engaged at the time of his death in the preparation of a work embodying the recollections of his life. A native of England, Mr. Godkin came to America in early young manhood and became associated with the newspapers, with which his name was for so many years connected. Independent, downright, and courageous, he wielded immense influence, especially among the more educated Americans, and his death is a distinct loss to the Anglo-Saxon race.

School histories of literature never cease, and three new ones lie on our table: two on American literature and one on English. In the "American Literature," of Prof. A. G. Newcomer, of Leland Stanford (Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.), it is the typical that is sought after, and only those authors considered as important receive treatment. The method has much to commend it, and the heart of the book on "The Creative Impulse—From Maine to Georgia, 1800-1860" is well done for this purpose. The discussion, however, of "Later Activity" is very fragmentary and arbitrary, something also characteristic of the appended "classified list of late and contemporary writers." One expects the two to be mutually illustrative and supplementary, but they are in several ways discordant.

The "American Literature" of Dr. J. W. Abernethy, of Brooklyn (New York: Maynard, Merrill & Co.), is a fuller book. It is somewhat rhetorical in its mode of statement, but is decidedly sprightly, and holds the interest. Two neighboring chapters on "The Anti-Slavery Movement" and "Literature in the South" may be compared, and both will be found equally cordial and in fair proportion. There is a well-selected bibliography of "Biography and Criticism"—the books about books—but not enough said as to the best or most convenient editions of the literary works themselves.

"A History of English Literature," by Profs. Moody and Lovett, of the University of Chicago (New York: Scrib-

ner's), is particularly interesting from the point of view of the proportion assigned to each period, steadily progressing with the importance of the literature nearest our own time. After a rapid survey of the early period of our English literature (59 pp.), follow the Renaissance (64 pp.), the seventeenth century (66 pp.), the eighteenth (80 pp.), and the nineteenth (115 pp.). The Reading Guide, while suffering from some notable omissions, is more than usually valuable; it can only be suggested that for the sake of those school libraries, which must be limited in the number of their books to the needful and most serviceable, it would be well to give some indication as to what is most essential and vital.

There was no more honorable circumstance connected with the Yale celebration than the appearance of the Yale Bicentenary Publications on the part of her professors and instructors. Two of these are of especial interest to students of literature. Prof. Hopkins's "India, Old and New" describes the character of the Rig-Veda, or collections of verse-wisdom, and explains the nature of the two epics, the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana" through abundant extracts. Most important of all, there is a luminous discussion of the mutual influences of Christianity and Buddhism, reaching the conclusion that the historical data furnish "no basis for the belief that the original narrative of Christ's birth and teaching derives from Hindu sources." The chapters on famine and plague are vivid pictures of modern conditions in India.

Prof. Lounsbury's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" is a consideration of the Shakespearean wars that waged fearlessly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Did Shakespeare Want Art?" is the question suggested, and the various opinions as to this furnish ample food for thought and entertainment, of which Prof. Lounsbury most genially takes advantage. That Shakespeare was a conscious artist, and greater than his critics in his knowledge of and mastery over art forms, is a belief that Prof. Lounsbury fully corroborates and is now generally accepted.